



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 678.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1923.

TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

THE LARGEST
NET SALES
OF ANY
2d WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
IN
THE WORLD

5¢ SAVED
ASK YOUR
GROCER
Jager's
mash
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW
AWAY THE
BOTTLE
3¢ per 1/2 CUP

Infamous Housing Rings

by
Philip Snowden M.P.

Every packet of
"New-Pin" Soap
has a coupon thus.



A "New Pin" Soap
carton greatly reduced
in size, showing coupon
that you have to send in.

FREE Genuine Silver Plate FREE



This beautiful
SILVER-PLATED (E.P.N.S.)
EGG STAND
with SPOON
For 1/2 Coupon.
Post free.



This beautiful SILVER-
PLATED (E.P.N.S.)
TEA POT
For 4/6 Coupons. Post free.



This beautiful
SILVER-
PLATED (E.P.N.S.)
SALT-CELLAR
and SPOON
For 3/6 Coupons.
Post free.



This beautiful
SILVER-PLATED (E.P.N.S.)
SUGAR
BASIN
For 1/2 Coupon.
Post free.



This beautiful
SILVER-
PLATED (E.P.N.S.)
MILK or CREAM
JUG
For 1/2 Coupon.
Post free.



This beautiful SILVER-
PLATED (E.P.N.S.) BISCUIT
STAND For 1/2 Coupon.
Post free.



This beautiful
SILVER-PLATED
(E.P.N.S.) SWEET DISH
For 1/2 Coupon.
Post free.

TO ALL PURCHASERS OF "NEW-PIN" SOAP

WE OFFER

Free Gifts of Real Silver Plate (E.P.N.S.)

(as shown herewith)

They are the most wonderful gifts ever offered to the public. It is impossible to describe their value. Convince yourselves by buying "New-Pin" Soap at any Retail Grocer, Chandler, Oilman or Store. Tear or cut off flap on which the word "Coupon" is printed, together with a small portion of the coloured packet, or if there is no Coupon attached send the whole carton. When you have collected the number of coupons required for the article you select, post them, together with your name and address, and the name of the retailer from whom you purchased your Soap, to Miss "New-Pin," Wilmington, Hull, when the article will be sent to you post free. These goods bear no advertising mark of any description.

WASH IT WITH "NEW-PIN"

THE BRITISH SOAP CO., LTD.
"New-Pin" Works, Wilmington, HULL.

"JOHN BULL" repeats its wonderful Easter Offer.

FREE!

The beautifully designed, up-to-the-minute 5/6 "Everpointed" Pencil which we offer you FREE complete with clip, rubber and refills. Every time you clip in a new lead you will wonder how you ever did without such a wonder of convenience before.

Send no money!

A 2/6

"Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

ORDERS continue to pour in for the most generous offer JOHN BULL has ever made to its readers. To enable everyone to seize this wonderful bargain, we again repeat it:—

We make the offer to introduce the new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen (complete with clip) which has set the whole pen world talking.

We have such wonderful faith in this Pen that we are willing to let you see it before you buy, and try it for three days at your leisure. We think we have produced the most wonderful Pen, complete with clip, for 5/6, in the world, and we want You to be the judge. If you are not simply delighted with its handsome appearance and lovely writing qualities, send it back, otherwise remit the price.

Not content with offering you the biggest Pen bargain of the age, we cap the climax by giving you FREE a handsome 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, complete with refills, rubber and clip.

No one can afford to miss this amazing bargain. By using the coupon you can see what you get before parting with a penny of your money. Send now.

Every Pen has the "John Bull" clip.

SENT ON 3 DAYS' TRIAL.

The new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip. Note the handsomely chased barrel which affords a snug grip as well as a generous ink supply. The screw cap makes leakage impossible. The 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give you writing joy for years to come. 5-year written guarantee with every pen.

CUT HERE

Send No Money. Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Ave., London, W.C.2.

Please send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including 3d. for postage and insurance), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" pencil as a free gift. If, on the other hand, I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

Name

Address

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you decide to forward remittance with this application please cross P.O. & Co. and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B." 7.4.23.

DATE

Do accidents happen in YOUR home?

Why not sign the forms and be protected too?

Accident Benefits £3 0 0 per week.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. COFFEY, 21, Ballway Terrace, Booth Street, Handsworth.
SHEFFIELD.—T. LOCKETT, 187, Eccleall Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. J. LEWIS, 54, Church Street.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

STREATHAM, S.W.—Mrs. BAKER, 51 Sunnyhill Road.
LANELEY.—W. A. BATE, 99, Newby Road.
WARRINGTON.—F. BENTLEY, 64, Hume Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. S. A. BERRYMAN, 95, Marlborough Street.
MARCH, Cambs.—Mrs. M. A. BRIDGEFORD, 18, Marylebone Road.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. E. CARBOTH, 172, Elswick Road.
KEYHAM.—Mrs. E. DELAFIELD, 55, Ocean Street.
TONYPANDY.—Mrs. E. M. DAVIES, 82, Princess Street.
BLACKHEATH.—Mrs. L. DANIELS, 21, Odchury Road.
LLANGLADACH.—W. DAVIES, 19, Cedy Road.
JABROW.—Mrs. E. FORBES, 21, Palmer Street.
EAST MALLING, Kent.—Mrs. FRED, 40, Oak Hill Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—J. FRANKS, 6, Nugent Street, St. Ann's Well Road.
WIGAN.—Mrs. H. HANCOCK, 11, Douglas Street, Newtown.
CLYDEBANK.—A. McLEAN, 19, Cochran Street.
ST. STEPHENS.—Mrs. C. MONAGHAN, 4, Glen View Terrace.
KENNINGTON CROSS, S.E.—Mrs. W. ROTHLEY, 7, Cleaver Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. STONEY, 18, Rowdale Street, Shieldfield.
DREBY.—Mrs. B. M. TAYLOR, Station Road, Castle Donington.
BRIDGEND.—Mrs. J. DAVIES, 16, Albert Street, Cerrau.

WREXHAM.—Mrs. M. E. EVANS, 11, Johnson Street, Penkby.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. S. A. GARRETT, Chapel Cottage, Gwynedd.
MANCHESTER.—A. JENNINGS, 6, James Street, Tyldesley.
NEWPORT, Mon.—C. LEWIS, 24, Joddo Street.
DAWLEY, Salop.—E. MAHER, 6, Fynes Lane.
TREDEGAR.—Mrs. A. MACOS, 7, Pond Row.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. MARSHALL, 28, Wexley Street, Eastney.
GATSBHEAD.—Mrs. E. McLEAN, 25, Russell Street.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. I. MORTON, 103, Haigh Street, Everton.
WREXHAM.—Mrs. M. WILLIAMS, 6, Glen Lys Road, Fennant Road, Penkby.
SUNDERLAND.—A. HODGSON, 6, Short Street, Horden.
MARDY.—Mrs. E. D. BOWEN, 59, Gifford Street.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. I. BOWEN, 112, Rosebery Street, Leith.
LEYTON, E.10.—Mrs. E. A. CLAUDE, 28, Albert Road.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—Mrs. F. M. LOMAS, 4, Brook Street West.
TUNNELL PARK, N.—Mrs. W. SMITH, 71, Barnaby Road.
HULL.—Mrs. M. A. WALKER, 4, Lily Grove, Green Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. M. ADAMS, 41, Carlton Road.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—S. BAKER, 14, Queen Street.
CHURCHILL, Mon.—Mrs. L. CHARLTON, 28, Rectory Road.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. E. EDWARDS, 107, Park Street, Staveley.
GATSBHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. FRASER, Kilmarnock Square.
HULL.—Mrs. E. J. GIBSON, 14, Walsworth Terrace, Stickleland Street, Hamble Road.
TAUNTON.—G. H. HODGSON, 2, Alpha Cottage, Kington.
SUNDERLAND.—S. JONES, 5, Dean Terrace, Southwick.
CHORLEY, Mon.—Mrs. E. LEBCH, 13, Cobden Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. A. C. SWELLGROVE, The Forest House, Hardley.
MARCH.—G. STEVENSON, King Street, Wimpington.
BRIGHTON, S.W.—Mrs. A. SCHAEFER, 4, Branksome Road, Acre Lane.

Many names unavoidably held over. In addition JOHN BULL has paid benefits on account of FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, GAS EXPLOSIONS, BURST HOT WATER PIPES, SICKNESS and HOME ACCIDENTS. Better be safe than sorry. SIGN NOW.

J.B. 7.4.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL." To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Ave., London, W.C.2. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name (IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 7.4.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

20/- capital and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc. — H. Marks, 51 and 53, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Retail and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful hints. Worth Pounds. Post Free. Write to-day. — Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY remnants. Cut Lengths (wholesale only) : list free. — H. N. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 68, High Street, Manchester.

SMALL Traders, Beginners, Market Men, send for Wholesale Price List, Smallwares, Cheap Jewellery, Brushes, General Goods. — Edward Jones, Shopkeepers' Merchant, 6, Lower Briggate, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED
FREEMAN'S AGENCY.
ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS by selling your spare time
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS, SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES, WRINGERS, CYCLES, CHINA WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc.

Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to **FREEMAN'S**, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

YOU can add to your income by selling our Fountain Pens. Wonderful value. Send 1/3 to day for sample and special terms. — Mail Order, Dept., 30, Cable Street, Liverpool.

LADY AGENTS wanted, to work on commission in trading; good selling line of Pen's Neckties, etc. — Write, Arthur and Metcalf, 288, Millthorn, Halifax.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? — Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban rates same price. — Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 150, Strand, London, W.C.2.

25 to 210 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Lavigne (Dept. J.B.), 145, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD UP a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. — Write, Noble Bros., Fulham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 50 London and Provincial Newspapers for 3/6 (14 words). 50 Papers 1/-. Write for free list. Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y), 51, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

PRINTING — 10,000 Handbills at 3/6 per 1,000; Menus, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 6s. postage. — Head and son, Room 50, Sandy Street.

MAIL ORDER Traders' Combination Service. London address, Printing, Advertising. Letters compiled. — The Mailman Press, 15, Ballam St. W.3.

BARGAIN SALES.

AN easy way to buy a fashionable Suit, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Watches, etc., in Masters' Credit Terms, from 4/- monthly. Write for illustrations and free patterns. — Masters, Ltd., 85, Hope Street, B'ham.

A POSTCARD to the British Cycle Mfg. Co., Ltd., Balmal Health Rd., Birmingham, will bring you your own Souvenir Secretary to-day or at 25 ASAX cycle for 24 12s. 6d. 14 days' approval. Packed free. Carriage paid. Credit terms arranged. Write to-day for No. 288 Catalogue.

BILLIARD Table to place on your dining table, from 27 12s.; suit any room; easy payments. — Write for free list to E. J. Miles, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

BABY CARS from 25 3s.; best value in England, direct from factory; on approval, Cash paid. Cash or terms. Catalogue free. — Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 37), Coventry.

CYCLISTS! — A monster 344-page illustrated Bargain Book is yours **ABSOLUTELY FREE** for a postcard. It offers you 60 per cent. better value in cycles, 25 per cent. saving on Tyres, and Knock-out prices for Accessories. If you want the rock-bottom, best market, secure this valuable free book without delay. — Write, Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 80, Farnham, Bury.

25/- SWISS Keyless Lever, Compensative Balance, Dome Nickel Case, dust-proof, guaranteed timekeeper, fitted with Solid Silver Double Curb Chain, 7 days' trial. Cash refunded if not satisfied. — Whitehouse, 28, George Street, Hull.

FREE SILVER PLATE to all purchasers of "See-Pla" Soap. The wonderful gifts are illustrated on front cover of this "John Bull." Read the easy conditions now.

A REVOLUTION in prices. **SOLID SILVER** watches from 12/6. See price list. — Dacia Trading Company, 51, Waterloo Road, Aldershot.

MUSIC WHEREVER YOU GO when you possess a "Decca" Portable Gramophone — the handiest, cheapest and most complete Gramophone of all. Obtainable at most music stores, etc. Turn to descriptive announcement on p. 27.

CATERERS' CURTAINS. — Newest designs at lowest prices. Profits drastically cut to make this offer your best chance for beautiful lace curtains, casements, fabrics, and drapery goods. Correct curtains for every window. Catalogue and patterns free if you request No. M.S. (13). Catalogue, Ltd., London, W.1.

ASTONISHING WATCH BARGAINS for Ladies and Gentlemen. Special offer to "John Bull" readers. See illustrated and descriptive announcement of Watts, Son & Co., on page 22.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. — Harris Tweed Dept., 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, etc. Catalogue free. — Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

CAN YOU WRITE SONG WORDS? — Delightful work done composed rapidly in publication. Piano scores to also music criticism, revised, and parts arranged. Clients: Holly King, Billy Mercer, Ella Shields, Ernie Mayne, London's Famous Composer, Nigby Aron, Gilly Road, Histon.

ACCORDIONS, Conco-tinas, Jazz Outfits, Mandolins, Banjos, Violins, Autoharps, etc. — Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

FICTION.

JOIN a Postal Library. Small entrance fee permits 6 books at once. Frequent exchanges cost 2s. weekly. Full editions, cloth bound, pocket size. All best stories, Adventure, Detective, Love, Mystery, famous works Travel, Poetry, Drama, Classics. Send 10/- to-day for particulars and list. Dept. 31, Imperial Postal Libraries, London, S.W.6.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. Livestock list free. — Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

SALESMANSHIP. Advertising, Window-dressing, Sales Letter Writing, taught by post. Positions found for Students. — Dept. 30, Phoenix School of Business, Ltd., 430, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

AUGMENTED EARNING POWER is assured by training under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE. Unique Postal course of spare-time study, all business subjects. Send postcard to-day for "Guide to Careers in Business" — 128 pp., free.

SUBJECTS. — Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Preliminary Examination, Record Success at Professional Examinations. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired. — Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 230, High Holborn, London.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS, and qualify for one of the well-paid advertising appointments through the old-established and powerful Dixon Institute of Advertising. — Write for free scholarship offer. Dept. J.B., Dixon Institute, 100, Oxford Street, W.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.

BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.

THE School that
TRAINS YOU FOR A POSITION.
Fees from 5 guineas.
Call and see the Secretary personally, or write for free illustrated prospectus.
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5 & 6, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Do your own Doctor. "Artisan" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day. — Hayward Tablet Co., Mr. Charles, 24-26, High Street, Colchester, Essex.

WHY ENDURE ILL-HEALTH? — You need Energo, the wonderful remedy for lost vitality, nervous and digestive disorders, etc. For men, women, and children. Two months' supply, 1/6, p.f. Money back if they fail. — Energo (Dept. J.B.), 15, Newborough Gardens, S.W.1.

STAMMERING. — I cured myself. You can cure yourself for your child. Part free. — Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOUT. — Enlarged Gland. Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free. — W. Duncan, M.D. Specialist (Dept. X), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Gray's.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. — Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Euston Road, London, S.W.4.

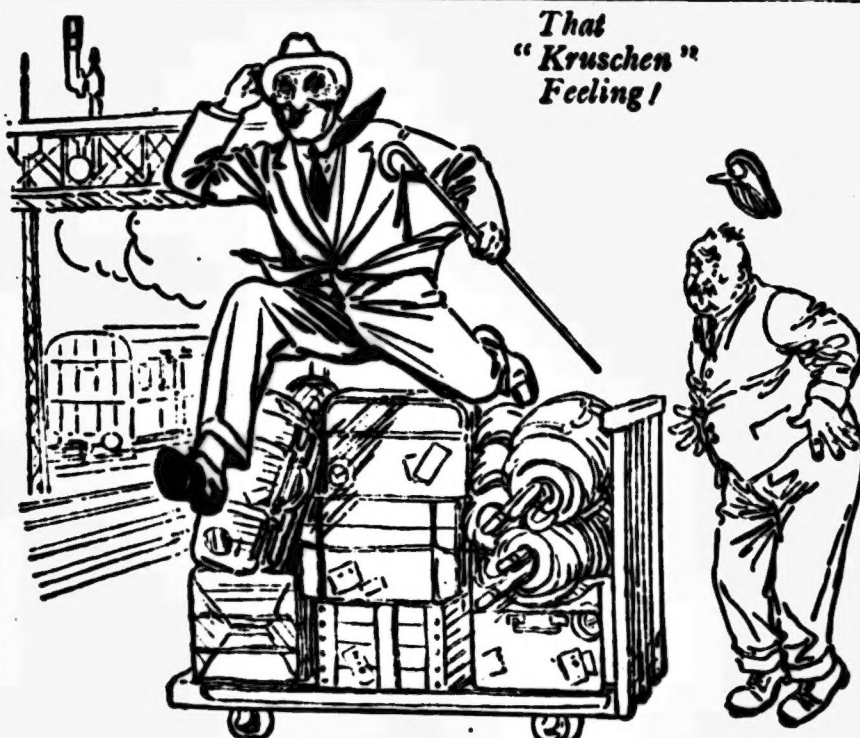
THE MANUAL OF WISDOM. — Mothers and every married person should write to the Medical Book worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Best absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. — L. Brewer Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D), 60-62, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NEUROUSNESS, Stomach, remarkable 25/- book on genuine home cure sent privately, 25/- to Mr. J.B., 45, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C. FROMAGE permanently cured. Write to-day for free particulars. — Dr. J. Hara, D.Sc., 160, Wimpole Street, Bournemouth.

SEMINO Tonic. — Builds constitution, part free. — Write, Manchester Rd., Bradford.

SUPPLEMENTARY BANDAGES. — Highly recommended for athletes, cyclists, etc. 1/6, post free; better quality, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices. Catalogue sent post free on application to L.E. BRASER SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. S.S.), 50-52, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

"Small Ads. Worth Watching."
Continued on page 25.



He Revels in Health

Are you able to bound lightly over the obstacles in your path?

Do you tingle from head to foot with overflowing vitality?

Or are you content to go on in the same old way, getting up tired, never entirely free from depression and weariness?

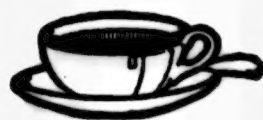
If that is how you feel, it is because your internal organs have forgotten how to perform their functions properly. The result is that impurities of all kinds collect in the body and enter the blood, lowering the tone of the whole system and weakening its resistance to disease germs.

But the five million members of the happy Kruschen Army of

Optimists never worry about that. They have found the easiest and surest way of combating these disadvantages of a busy city life.

Every morning they tip into their breakfast cup of tea a tiny pinch of Kruschen Salts. Taken that way it is tasteless, but this little dose stimulates the liver and kidneys to the proper performance of their duty, thoroughly cleanses all impurities from the system, and sends clear, healthy blood streaming to every part of the body.

Try it yourself. Get a 1/9 bottle, start taking it at once, and very soon you, too, will possess that glorious "Kruschen feeling" that makes life twenty times better than it was before.



Tasteless in Tea.

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as

much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in a breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day and start to-morrow.



He's very much Alive!



*The name LEVER on
Soap is a Guarantee of
Purity and Excellence.*

*All the World's a Stage for this
Boy's Adventures.*

LIFEBUOY watches from the wings and sees to the safety curtain, because even tho' he plays the Pirate no harm must befall so delightful a desperado.

Lifebuoy Soap provides him with a healthy toilet.

This soap really helps boys to grow up big and strong because it protects their growing bodies from the germs and microbes of disease. There is the healthy feeling as of the open air in its fresh, clean-smelling, anti-septic odour. It purifies and protects all who use it and all the homes wherein it is used.

LIFEBUOY

SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
PORT SUNLIGHT.

L.B.-24

JOHN BULL



25, LOMB ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: GERRARD 9866
Telegrams: HEROSCALLY, LONDON

For the People—
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on
which the Sun
:: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

There's No Argument!

Sir Robert Horne says the right thing to do is to reduce taxation. Not only right, but absolutely necessary, if trade is to recover.

More Talkie-Talkie.

Still another conference to be held between Turkey and the Allies. The whole world is suffering from this continuous substitution of words for deeds.

A "Doleful" Story.

Up to the end of 1922 the State had paid £15,890,000 to the workless. Such a sum used with intelligence would have solved the unemployment problem long ago.

A Bad Start.

Seven days after the announcement of the housing subsidy building materials went up 10 per cent. That Housing Bill must take account of the "rings."

An Impending Disaster.

Unless something is done before April 14, hundreds of thousands of building trade workers will be locked out. At all costs the Government must avert such a disaster.

Remember Switzerland.

The Labour Party is still toying with that exploded fallacy, the Capital Levy. They would be better advised to stick to practical politics.

Crucifixion Abolished.

The Army Council is to be congratulated on the abolition of "Field Punishment No. 1." It was a barbarous business, and its removal is a triumph for public opinion led by John Bull.

False Economy.

The cut of £3,340,000 in the cost of public education shows political astigmatism at its worst. Whatever else goes, the machinery for training the future citizens should not be tampered with.

Whitehall Folly.

The height of Whitehall folly has been reached in the decision to close down some Employment Exchanges, held at moderate rentals, in order to build new premises at the taxpayers' expense. Some folk are never satisfied unless they are spending other people's money.

Back to 1d. a Mile.

The Federation of British Industries has demanded a big reduction in railway freights. A similar reduction in railway fares is overdue.

Bring Them Home.

There are still 5,500 British troops in Ireland—doing nothing. There's not the smallest justification for this useless expenditure.

Wake Up, England!

German steamship lines are rapidly adding to their fleets and are busy cutting rates. We won the war, but we are rapidly losing the peace.

Selfish Isolation.

It is proposed to form an American League of Nations, but it would look better if Uncle Sam pulled his weight in the present one and helped to make it a reality.

Legal Laziness.

It is time it was made compulsory for doctors to view the body after death before issuing certificate. The prospect of being buried alive is a positive nightmare to many.

Obstinate Optimism.

Herr Stinnes' visit to Rome to try to persuade the Italian Government to intervene in the Ruhr was fruitless. The German's big trouble is that he can learn from experience, but he won't.

Waste of Breath.

Mr. Newbold, the Communist M.P., is no doubt very trying. But when Mr. Jack Jones threatens to kill him he only makes him appear more important than he really is. Besides, the genial Jack doesn't mean it.

Not Enough.

We shall be glad to get a shilling off the income-tax. If we cleared out of Mesopotamia and Palestine we could get more off, with corresponding benefit to trade and employment. That would require more determination on the part of the Government.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of JOHN BULL, which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated	Feb. 24th, 1933	685,834
"	Mar. 3rd "	691,539
"	" 10th "	706,503
"	" 17th "	713,377
"	" 24th "	749,658

Controlled by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C.4, and WARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Chartered Accountants.

What For?

Two new battleships—£4,000,000. A new naval base at Singapore—£11,000,000. Is it just squandermania or is there a new war in sight?

Bring Them to Open Trial.

Many of the Irish deportees are British subjects, and in view of the questionable legality of his action the Home Secretary can hardly evade a reconsideration of their position.

Good Business.

The Bill to increase benefits and remedy the evils of lapsed policies in industrial insurance is a timely measure. The poor man has been victimised quite long enough.

A Necessary Measure.

If Lord Askwith's Bill giving mothers and fathers equal rights in the guardianship of their children becomes law another medieval survival will meet a well-deserved death.

A Sensible Suggestion.

Equally sensible is Sir John Butcher's proposal that a committee of experts should give the old laws relating to husband and wife a thorough spring-clean. They bristle with absurd anomalies.

Inquiry Needed.

Why is it that no inquiry is made into the truth or otherwise of the declarations made on behalf of Germans obtaining passports for use in this country? In many cases investigation would reveal startling facts.

A Practical Proof.

The experience of the Bradford Corporation whose policy of lower tram fares has resulted in greater profits, is a broad hint to the Postmaster-General, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the railway companies.

The Dress-Makers.

Mr. Bridgeman is to consult the Lord Chancellor to see if something can be done to help husbands whose foolish wives spend excessive sums on dress. Why not restrict the credit given by greedy dressmakers to vain and silly women?

A Queensland Example.

It is remarkable that while our brilliant legislature rejected the lunacy clauses in the Equality (Divorce) Bill the Royal Assent has just been given to its enactment in Queensland. Why should the Mother Country lag behind?

The Discoverers.

German statesmen are inviting American statesmen to co-operate with them "in finding out the facts" about Reparations. This is after five years of peace. The best way to find the facts is to search the pockets. Otherwise German delay will last till Doomsday.

The Gossip's Victim.

Broken-hearted at nineteen, poor Ruth Robinson, of 7, Greenhalgh Street, lost all hope in the world. The joy she had in living was ruthlessly destroyed by the evil tongues of malicious gossips. And she closed her life in the cold waters of a Burnley Canal. The gossips live. Were justice done to them they would have no more peace on earth.

Mother in Name Only.

The four poor children of Elizabeth Hughes, of 18, Golborne Road, Lowton, need a better mother than she has been. She left them to beg for food, or to sleep on a filthy mattress, with only old overcoats for covering, in a wretched house. Only if the mercy shown her by the Leigh Magistrates inspires her to do her duty as a mother should the children be returned to her care.

Starving Fishermen.

According to a well-informed correspondent, German trawlers are daily landing in Scotland huge quantities of coarse fish caught in Icelandic waters, which are consigned to London and other large centres, and sold as North Sea fish. Meanwhile, three hundred trawlers are laid up at Aberdeen, about three thousand fishermen are out of employment, and their wives and children are on the verge of starvation. No wonder the herrings had red eyes in Holy Week.

Brave, Myles!

When his companion James Branigan fell into the murky waters of the Mersey, at Nelson Dock, Liverpool, Myles Joseph Smyth, although unable to swim, unhesitatingly leaped into the river, gripped Branigan, held on to a heaving line with his teeth, and supported himself with his back against a steamship and his feet against the quayside. That Branigan died does not make Smyth's bravery less conspicuous. By honouring such a hero Liverpool will honour itself.

Death Preferred.

Unemployed, and his sensitive and independent nature cut to the quick by having to apply for Poor Relief, Joseph Barnett, a middle-aged barber, of Southampton Street, W.C., ended his troubles by inhaling gas. It's a thousand pities that relief for honest people in difficulties should be so mixed up with pauperisation that some sensitive natures prefer death to the help to which they are entitled! Our patronising Poor Law system should be placed on a more humane footing.

The Dog Destroyer.

Now that interest in Tut-Ankh-Amen is temporarily exhausted, residents in Cairo might raise their voices in protest against the barbarous method of destroying stray dogs employed by a provost-sergeant of the garrison there. It may be true that Cairo is overrun with dogs, but to tie these poor creatures up and beat them to death with a heavy stick is as un-British as it is inhuman, and is enough to make old Pharaoh turn in his tomb.

Roughing It in Rowton Houses.

About eight hundred poor fellows, many of whom are incapacitated through war service, while others are struggling to exist on the old Age Pension, send us a protest against the excessive charges in force at Rowton Houses. Before the war they paid 3/6 a week for a cubicle and were given the use of culinary utensils. Now they have to pay 1/- a night and are given no facilities for cooking but overcharged for the coarsest of food. This is certainly not in keeping with the intentions of the founder of these institutions.

Nine Little Kill-joys.

The kill-joy parochial Council of St. James's Church, Lower Darwen, Blackburn, by nine votes to five, have decided that no whist-drives must take place in their Sunday Schools. Thus the nine little souls have supplied an answer to the problem "Why is religion unpopular with the masses."

Stifling Cleanliness.

When the unemployed asked the Bury Town Council to allow about twenty out-of-work people to have free slipper baths each week at the town's baths the request should have been granted, health being important and the desire for cleanliness worthy of encouragement. The Baths Committee, however, refused. An amazing decision, proving the hopeless incapacity of the committee.

Charity Begins Abroad.

The Rev. Gilbert Watling, for the third time, has been summoned for non-payment of rates. He informed the Court that on £300 a year he had to keep an invalid wife and two unemployed sons, besides conducting the church and keeping up his own appearance. His Bishop was informed of the position, but merely replied: "The law must take its course." Cold comfort indeed, from the "father of the flock," ensconced in a palace and arrayed in fine linen.

Echo of the Borstal.

When an ex-Borstal boy, William Turner, of Elizabeth Street, was brought up at the Warrington Police Court, for stealing a bicycle, the Borstal authorities reported that the youth was a mental degenerate, and that further treatment in their institution would not help him. The humane magistrates sent him to gaol for three months with hard labour. How they hope to cure his distressing condition by prison life we have yet to find out. Such is judicial idiocy!

One-Ninth Manhood.

Samuel Goldchecker, of Green Lanes, London, N., being a tailor, may be regarded as only the ninth part of a man. Yet no one with a ninetieth part of manhood would have treated a terrier and eight young puppies as he did. He left them in a wet backyard without any kind of shelter, and but for a kind neighbour who fed them they all would have died, as three of them did. In imposing only a fine for this callous ill-treatment, the North London Magistrate apparently divided the appropriate penalty by nine.

Photo Enlargement Tests.

The London Embossing Company, 33, Tottenham Court Road, London, W., should change their canvassers and reform their methods. Their touts ask for photographs to be enlarged, assuring people that there is no obligation to pay anything, but a few days later they demand a deposit of 16/6 for a frame, and become insulting when it is refused. Moreover, those who resist their demand receive their photographs back, after long delay, soiled and torn. It is a dirty business altogether.

A Widow's Hardship.

Because he received 2s. 3d. weekly for "stocker," which is the rubbish of the catch which cannot be sold in the ordinary way, and is disposed of as perquisites of the crew, George Anson, third hand on the sailing trawler *Irma*, who lost his life at sea, was held to be a "share" fisherman, and his widow and orphan were deprived of benefit under the Workmen's Compensation Act. This may be good law according to Judge Herbert-Smith, who decided the case in the Lowestoft County Court, but it is a terrible hardship to the widow.

Faith and Despair.

Canon Peter Green, of Liverpool, is horrified at the license with which sex questions are discussed, but he also objects to the "old-fashioned conspiracy of silence." "Evil be to him who evil thinks," might possibly sum up the Canon's position, but at any rate we have great faith in the young people of our land.

A Chance for the Church.

One-eighth of the people in the Wrexham Rural District have to live in houses unfit for habitation by human beings, and half of these are overcrowded. The Rural District Council must set its houses in order, and in the interests of morality the Churches must see to it that this is done quickly.

Housing Fee-snatchers.

To the long list of concerns endeavouring to make money out of the housing shortage which we have exposed we must add the name of "The Business Transfer Agency," of Bristol, Exeter and Plymouth. Advertisers for houses receive letters from them asking for a fee of 5/- for information regarding available accommodation. Why any agency should expect a fee before rendering any sort of services passes our comprehension.

An Obvious Duty.

Mrs. Cummings, of 56, Harlesden Gardens, N.W., is still without any news of her husband, who mysteriously disappeared last September. But she continues to get a weekly registered letter from him, and lately these registered letters have apparently been opened and remittances abstracted. Why cannot the Post Office trace the sender of a registered letter? It is the Postmaster General's duty to do so, where there is reason to suppose that money has been stolen in transit.

Mum's the Word.

It is a great pity Insurance Committees take such pains to suppress the names of delinquent doctors and chemists. For instance, a few days ago the Middlesex Committee censured a panel doctor who refused to call on a patient suffering from hæmorrhage, likewise they fined a chemist two guineas for refusing to make up a prescription shortly before closing his shop. Nobody except the Committee knows the name of the sinners, however, and therefore they escape the merited punishment of publicity.

Fond of Females.

From an Eastbourne paper: "Messenger Girl wanted for Builders' office, where there are five lady clerks employed; must be strong and able to ride bicycle." The firm who thus advertise their partiality to females are Bainbridge and Sons. Meanwhile there are hundreds of young men unemployed in the town, and we hear of one well-educated young fellow who after being out of work for a year has been glad to get a job as a billposter. This seems all wrong to several of our local readers—and to us.

A Dark Knight.

A person calling himself Knight, 22, George Street, Croydon, advertises in seaside newspapers as follows:—"Can private family in select boarding-house receive retired officer and wife as guests for £8 a week?" It may interest many of our readers to know that Knight's invariable reply to anyone who responds to his advertisement is a demand for £1 for registration in his books. Though he claims to be "recommended by Consuls, Ambassadors, Diplomats, etc.," his methods are obviously those of the lowest class of fee-snatcher.

Dangerous War Relics.

A Mills hand grenade, used as a fireside ornament in the house of Mrs. Amy Glenville, of Hull, exploded, killed five-year-old Peggy Glenville, blew the baby off Mrs. Glenville's knee, and wrecked the kitchen. It is a pity these dangerous war relics have been hoarded in homes. They are apt to be very risky ornaments, and have taken a considerable toll of life and limb.

Early Doors this Way!

A certain panel doctor, whose name was suppressed, was censured by the London Insurance Committee for giving prompter attendance to patients who paid 1s. extra at an "early door." This practice has been going on for 23 years, and the reprimand was thoroughly deserved, but the name of the wrongdoer should have been unflinchingly disclosed.

Girls in the Forecastle.

Girls, of tender years, willing to go down into ships in English ports can have no sense of shame. Salford's police, alive to the moral menace, in the fore-castle of one ship found four young girls who had climbed a wooden hoarding to get aboard. Such girls need protection against themselves, but the men who encourage them should not go scot free.

Gibb's Tips.

That hoary-headed old tipster, Arthur Gibb, whose deceptive methods we have repeatedly exposed, is still sending out his specious circulars from 303, High Holborn, London, W.C. He claimed to have tipped Soval, each way, for the Lincoln Handicap, but, as usual, the pamphlet containing this claim was printed after the result of the race was known. *Verb. sap.*

"Ware Wire (less)!

Wireless enthusiasts should be wary of entrusting money to unknown firms. On February 11 a reader sent an order with a remittance to T. O. Buss, of 77, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., but, in spite of repeated applications, he has so far been unable to obtain even an acknowledgment of his order. It is impossible to ascribe a six weeks' delay of this kind to "atmospherics."

The Jumper Bait.

Again we warn our readers of the unsatisfactory methods of business of Mr. A. J. Way, of 5, Took's Court, Holborn. Miss A. S. Wyatt, of 80, Alderney Street, S.W., recently bought a pound of his silk for 16/6, on his undertaking to buy the jumper into which she made it. He returned it as unsaleable, and offered to sell her another pound of silk at two shillings a pound cheaper. Like a wise woman she did not swallow the bait.

A Terrible Blunder.

Charles H. Miller, of Stepney, complained of shivering fits and called in a doctor, who, without making an examination, pronounced him perfectly well. Next day, on the way to work, Miller collapsed and died, a post-mortem showing that death was due to pneumonia and heart disease. A terrible blunder on the part of the unnamed practitioner, who will doubtless take extra care in future.

The Unwanted Children.

Mr. Mosley asked Mr. Neville Chamberlain to include a clause making it an offence for a landlord to refuse to let a house to an applicant with children, but the Health Minister did not see his way clear to do so. Nevertheless something will have to be done to make the landlords of the "children barred" class mend their ways. At present a father has a heart-rending task to get a roof over the head of his "wife and weans," and children are frowned on by landlords as though they were lepers.

Something Wrong—Somewhere!

At one sitting of the Newcastle Court, 600 distress warrants for non-payment of rates were issued. A bitter commentary upon a method of raising funds for such a service as Poor Relief, by taxing the dwellings of the poor.

Drum Her Out!

Councillor Miss Rae, of Clydebank, is a lady with a bee in her bonnet. She displayed rank unpatriotism by opposing the engagement of naval or military bands to play in the town's park, because she thought the object was to secure recruits. When it has the chance Clydebank should drum Miss Rae out of the Council.

The White Plague Butcher.

Frank Rushforth, the Gilroyd butcher, cannot complain that the Barnsley Magistrates were unmerciful when they fined him £20 and costs. Meat found upon his stall was dark in colour, showed positive signs of tuberculosis, and might have caused bereavement in many houses. Instead of fining him the Magistrates might have ordered him to eat the putrid stuff.

A Little Job for the Major.

At the Stanninghall Colony, Croxtwick, near Norwich, there are some forty ex-Servicemen undergoing treatment for tuberculosis. Most of them are married and are breaking their hearts because they were refused Easter leave to visit their wives and children. If Major Tryon will see that this grievance is remedied he will earn their heartfelt gratitude.

THE BLIGHT OF SUSPICION.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ONE excellent way of being miserable is to be for ever expecting to be cheated. And the more you cultivate the expectation the more certain it is that you will be cheated.

The master who is afraid of being robbed by his workman does not get the best work done.

The maid who is not trusted by her mistress seldom renders the most faithful service.

To be consistently on the look-out for overcharges and short weight is to invite these things. Those who deal with you will be tempted to get the better of you if they can.

In this, as in other ways, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Go about wondering if people are slandering you and slandered you will be. Your mental attitude will betray itself and elicit ill will.

We all know on the other hand that the best of men and women are liable to be victimised by those who are the less conscientious and fair-minded than themselves.

Rogues are ever ready to take advantage of goodness.

But integrity need not be allied to weakness; generosity is not compelled to be unwise; trustfulness should not wear blinkers.

Expect the best, and if you fail to receive it you will know how to act.

Never begin by suspecting your fellowman of evil intentions or you defeat the springs of good faith.

Like calls out like, or tends to do so. The spirit you show is the spirit you meet.

At the worst it is better to have less than your due than to be constantly trying to guard against it.

Chronic mistrust is fatal to peace of mind; you are the gainer by refusing to cherish it.

There is a great amount of untapped good in the human heart, and blessed are they who can set it flowing.

Mutual confidence creates the means: mutual suspicion destroys them.

Killjoys on the Warpath.

The Barmouth Urban District Council have decided to insert a clause in all their boating licences which will have the effect of preventing any Sunday boating. Holiday makers, anxious to enjoy as many health-giving breezes as possible, will now know one of the places to avoid.

Milk and Muck.

When Joseph Griffith, of Prenteg Post Office, was charged at Portmadoc with selling milk containing dirt and dung, it was stated that a child had become ill through drinking it, and the defendant pleaded guilty. It might be thought that such an offence would be punished in an exemplary fashion, but to the amazement of the whole neighbourhood, the Bench decided by a majority to dismiss the charge!

Another Mail Order Mug Hunter.

W. J. Ballard, of 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, London, S.E., continues to send out attractively worded circulars inviting remittances of two guineas for his "Instruction Course of Money Making Propositions." His phraseology is identical with that of M. A. Chesterfield, to whom we referred last week, and all his high-falutin is obviously designed purely for the purpose of extracting fees from the feeble minded.

Promises and Facts.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Shropshire paper: "Farm men for Australia, 40s.—50s. weekly, with board; reduced passage money advanced if needed; employment guaranteed. Ramsay, Theatre Buildings, Shrewsbury." Melbourne *Truth*, commenting on this, declares that the usual wages for immigrant farm hands are 25s. a week, and that is the top of the market. Cannot the authorities at Australia House curb the flights of imagination indulged in by these unofficial agents.

Contemptible.

"Old Contemptible" is a mark of honour for William Carr, of Haverstock, Essex, who has just been awarded a pension of £2 a week which had previously been refused him because he returned to the trenches without permission after being wounded. Contemptible in its most opprobrious sense is the only term applicable to the action of the Ongar Guardians, who promptly ordered him to refund them £15 for relief granted. And the poor fellow is workless with a wife and six children dependent on him!

The Free Church Touring Guild.

For months past we have protested against the practice of the Free Church Touring Guild, of Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., in flooding the country with circulars printed and posted in Germany, and we rejoice to see that we have at last aroused the slumbering Nonconformist conscience of the Rev. J. Scott-Liddett and Dr. F. B. Meyer, the President and Vice-President, who have now resigned from the Guild to mark their disapproval of the questionable morality of the proceeding. We hope the Guild will mend its ways forthwith.

Poets and Prohibition.

The new "No Licence" campaign for Scotland has started in Glasgow, where Lord Rowallan has "entertained a large gathering." A part of his lordship's entertainment appears to have consisted of an oratorical eulogy of American prohibition, while Lord MacLay, in the role of prophet, declared that prohibition must ultimately come in Britain. PERHAPS. When a big majority at the polls want prohibition we shall probably get it. But what a large majority want, at present, is cheaper beer and whisky so that they can afford rather more to drink.

[The facts in this article have been supplied by one of the keenest Secret Service men in the French Customs.]

IT is an undoubted fact that many of the indecent films which have thrilled certain depraved elements of London society, and which JOHN BULL has already exposed, have been brought into this country secretly, without coming under the eyes of the Customs houses at all.

It is no less certain, however, that many thousands of feet of films too bad to be allowed to remain in France are actually shipped to England in such a fashion that they are bound to pass under the eyes of British Customs Officers.

The usual method is to sandwich the filthy films between layers of innocent films. Sometimes films devoted to Biblical scenes, comica, and other innocent productions are simply camouflaging films portraying the vilest depravity.

Often the worst films are carried through in the luggage of travellers of both sexes, and if the British Customs Officers made even the most cursory examination they could satisfy themselves as to the nature of the films, and could furnish all the information necessary for detection of those engaged in the traffic.

In nine cases out of ten the films challenged are of German or Austrian manufacture. They are consigned to Paris or Marseilles, or other French or Belgian towns in the first instance, and then are packed for transport to England.

The favourite subject with those who demand this kind of film seems to be pictures of all kinds of sexual excess, the artistes lending themselves to the most disgusting acting in order to meet the needs of their patrons. Of this class the commonest deals in all the sickening horror with the violation of young and innocent girlhood.

It may be said that the French Government ought to stop this traffic. That is not easy, because in most cases the films are simply in transit through France and are the property of the person passing on the way to England with them. At least there is always that excuse if exception is taken to the nature of the consignments. Even where the agents first accept delivery on French soil they are ready with documents showing that they are acting for persons in London.

Some of the illicit film carriers are women who have been known to the police of the Continent as procuresses for years, whose sole interest lies in the fat fees they receive. But there are others who have not this excuse for serving the interests of the depraved, others who pander to the depraved because of their own degeneracy. Amongst the latter are men and women of title who seem to be so lost to shame that they are content to risk being found with these horrible films in their possession.

Little Girl's Living Tomb

THE brutal system of Borstal Institutions, which we have repeatedly exposed, is not the only terror with which officialdom terrorises and oppresses little children. Scarcely less iniquitous are the conditions prevailing in Industrial Schools. Here is a case of a girl who has a ready mind, or rather existed, for nine years in one of these vile institutions. She is now twenty-two, but as far from freedom as ever. This article calls for a prompt investigation into this case and others of a similar nature.

OUR recent protests against the Borstal system, which is propped up by the equally bad system of hustling little children into Industrial Schools and Reformatories, has already produced an effect, not upon the Home Office, which is steeped in obstinate prejudice, but upon the Magistrates before whom little children are being brought by Industrial School officers and the police.

Up to the present Mr. Clarke Hall, the able and kindly magistrate who sits at Old Street Police Court, has been fighting the battle of the helpless little children almost alone. Now we are glad to see that Mr. Mead, the South Western Magistrate, has realised the senseless cruelty of the whole procedure, and has emphatically denounced it.

The other day he had before him three young children, between the ages of nine and twelve, who were brought by an Industrial School officer and charged with the horrible offence of "being found without parental care."

Mr. Mead protested. "Why charge innocent children?" he asked. The Industrial School officer replied that he did it "in their own interest."

Mr. Mead made short work of the Industrial School officer's contention. He denounced the absurdity of sending nine-year-old children for industrial "training," and pointed out that the children should have been taken to the workhouse, and their parents proceeded against for neglect—if any existed.

That, at least, would have given the parents an opportunity to defend themselves. In these cases it is usually poverty, rather than neglect, that gives the Industrial School officer his opportunity.

What happens when once children are caught up in the toils of this

Industrial School system may be illustrated by the case of Edith Mansfield.

This little girl lived with her parents, who are very poor, at Flamstead End, Hertfordshire.

Playing one day with some other children, a stolen purse was found in her possession. A complaint was made, the children were rounded up, and the purse was found on Edith.

She was then—between eleven and twelve years of age. She was sent to the Stoke Park Industrial School, Stapleton, Bristol, to be detained there "until she attained the age of sixteen." She is now nearly twenty-two years of age. She is still there, and is likely to be retained there for the rest of her life.

It seems an incredible story. In vain her parents have applied for her release. They are poor, and they are not popular with the local authorities, who think that the girl is better off where she is than in a home which has the misfortune to be poor.

This poor mother will never be forgiven by the local authorities, whose opinion as to home surroundings is pleaded as an excuse for a life sentence upon this child, because she once had the audacity to appeal to JOHN BULL.

The authorities keep the child, and they can defeat all efforts for her release by pleading that she is "mentally defective." This elastic term is grossly misused. We have before us the letters this poor girl writes to her mother. They are the letters of a sane, affectionate child, heart-broken with the sorrow of a life-long separation from those she loves. They are pathetic human documents.

On her mother's birthday this poor, imprisoned girl got a picture-postcard

and sent it to her mother. It is a coloured portrait of Miss Gladys Cooper, holding a bouquet of flowers, and in the background an old-world thatched cottage, with its speaking memories of home. The verse on the postcard thus selected says:—

*When you are absent from me, dear,
The past comes off to view
Linked with sweet happy memories,
And loving thoughts of you.*

If this is the action of a mentally defective child, what would be the official definition of a broken heart?

Would not anyone become mentally defective if treated like this?—separated from those one loves, held fast in the iron grip of a brutal and stupid law, and doomed to a life of dull drudgery and menial tasks.

But this is not the whole of the abominable cruelty. Often the letters of the heart-broken mother have been kept back from the imprisoned daughter. There is, of course, an official excuse. When the child wrote to her mother begging for letters, and saying that she feared her mother was ill, the authorities withheld the mother's replies, declaring that they were entitled to do so as they regarded them "as of an unsettling nature."

Deep distress, which stains with tears the letters of a mother whose child has been torn from her, may well come within the cold, official definition of correspondence of an "unsettling nature."

There is the story, beginning with a found purse. The sequel is a living death for a helpless child, separated for ever from her sorrowful parents, while, on the other hand, self-complaisant officialdom fortifies itself with a callous system of intricate and complicated rules and regulations.

It is a wicked and crying scandal.

Giggling Sheriff Blair

Glasgow Courts for Low Comedians

A RECORD for the longest run of a pantomime production will never be attained if the pantomimical proceedings of the Glasgow Sheriff Court, as witnessed in a trial there on March 21, are to be taken as a sample of what happens all the year round.

The case, which was one of embezzlement against a cinema director, ended with a verdict of "Not Proven," but as we understand there is likely to be a sequel to it in another Court, we refrain meantime from commenting on the evidence.

We do, however, call the attention of the Lord Advocate to the converting of a British Court of Justice into a theatrical burlesque by the presiding judge, Sheriff Blair, and by the Fiscal-deputy, Mr. Adair. We always understood that His Majesty's legal representatives were

supposed to discharge their duties with a deep sense of dignity in keeping with the status of the Sovereign for whom they act, thereby maintaining the judicial atmosphere of the Court in the interests of all concerned. But that belief does not seem to be shared either by Sheriff Blair or the Fiscal.

Throughout this trial they amused themselves by indulging in a feast of comedy dialogue cross-talk. A more feeble attempt at being funny, and a more unsuitable place than a Criminal Court in which to make it can hardly be imagined; but the emptiness and stupid aspect of the whole affair can be better pictured when it is stated that the public, the spectators in Court, failed utterly to appreciate the so-called "comical" exchanges between Bench and Bar.

If this is typical of how the law is

caricatured in Glasgow Courts, they must be regarded as a disgrace to the Crown and the whole legal profession. The odium of such a legal travesty is accentuated by the fact that the accused had been on bail for over four months—a longer period than is necessary for High Court trials.

That lengthy interval of suspense, during which he was practically debarred from getting employment, was, in itself, humiliating enough, but it must have been doubly so when it culminated in a ridiculous exhibition of senseless play-acting by Crown officials.

We call upon the Lord Advocate for Scotland to enquire without delay into the circumstances we have mentioned, and to apply the remedy for preserving the sanctity and prestige of the King's Courts of Justice.

White Slave Queens

The police are at present engaged in a serious effort to clear London of the harpies and vampires who thrive on the White Slave Traffic. We give here some further information regarding these pests in the hope that they may be prevented from continuing their vile traffic.

WILL the police win in the crusade that they have at last taken up in earnest against the evil creatures who are living upon the White Slave Traffic?

The question is one of the utmost importance to the public. We have already exposed some of the most notorious of the vampires who are preying upon innocent and unwary girlhood in our midst.

Alarmed by our exposures, Queenie Gerald, the Wicked Woman of Mayfair, has found the pace too hot for her. She is at present lying low, waiting for the storm to blow over.

Posing as a woman of title, she is living quietly with her maids in a respectable part of Mayfair. She is visited occasionally by an old gentleman who comes up from Brighton, and whom she addresses endearingly as "Daddy." How long she will stay at her present address is a matter of guesswork.

There are many competitors for the mantle she has temporarily laid aside.

One of them has been put out of the running for the moment by a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment for keeping a disorderly house. This is Mrs. Clara Mitchell, whose den of infamy in St. John's Wood Road, N.W., was raided by the police after we had drawn attention in a recent issue to the notorious St. John's Wood boarding-house which was constantly frequented by Chinese dope-dealers and white slave traffickers.

Mrs. Mitchell pleaded guilty, and the evidence showed that she kept a list with the names of girls and their telephone numbers, so that they could be summoned at will, when their services were required by the rich and dissolute men who were this woman's clients.

WE are in a position to give Scotland Yard much more information if it will continue its salutary activities. We have already done much in this direction, and have furnished several useful clues to the detectives from Scotland Yard who have called at these offices and who include in their number one of the "Big Four."

We suggest that the police direct their attention to two alien women, with aristocratic French names, who keep a brothel in a leading thoroughfare not far from Buckingham Palace itself. Both these women are procurers of the worst type. They specialise in finding for their infamous clients young and innocent girls who have hitherto lived virtuous lives.

How they treat their victims may be gathered from one case, the details of which have come into our possession. A young woman was induced to go to the establishment and there was introduced to a strange man.

We will not dwell upon the horrifying experience she went through. She was given thirty shillings, her

acceptance of which, she was afterwards told, deprived her of any legal right to complain.

Evidently the trade is flourishing. These two sisters are past-mistresses in catering for every form of vice and depravity. Beginning about a year ago with one flat on the fourth floor, they now occupy all the remaining floors with the exception of the ground floor.

Both these creatures go frequently to France, and the elder of them crosses to Paris almost every week.

THE police already know something of the relations between the organised white slave traffickers in London and Paris. The other day the French authorities rounded up a whole gang of these people who had been living in great style in the various capitals of Europe. Their arrests have caused consternation in the inner circle of white slavery, but the real leader of the gang, who is a clever and plausible rogue, has so far escaped detention.

He is a South American, and has recently been posing in this country and in France as a wealthy American in search of a wife. His plan is to arrange to take his fiancée to America, there to meet his rich relations and prepare for the marriage. After the tickets have been taken he pleads inability to travel for important

business reasons, and the girl is persuaded to go on alone to New York, where she will be met by his relatives.

Since this blackguard began these activities a number of respectable girls have been "missing" in this country. The white slave gang which this man controls know perfectly well where they have gone.

Another woman, formerly well known in West End night club life, whose husband had a misfortune which led to his going to prison, is doing so well out of the business of vice that she recently tried to get on to safer ground by opening a private hotel to which was attached a nursing home in one of the fashionable squares in the West End. For a time her new establishment was respectably conducted, but the lure of profit was too great, and the business is now carried on in the old way.

WE must also direct the attention of the police to the notorious "Opium Den" in the Baker Street area. This is one of the worst haunts of the seekers for depravity and new sensations. The woman who runs this place figured in a police raid some time ago.

In this den, behind drawn curtains and in an atmosphere of Eastern voluptuousness and luxury, the most horrible orgies take place, beginning with indecent dances by pyjama-clad

men and women. One young girl who had been taken to these parties broke away from the grip of the harpies and fled to the Continent. She was followed by agents who succeeded in terrifying her into returning to the old ways and to the den of infamy.

THERE is another death-trap for the unwary in Bloomsbury, run by a callous and case-hardened woman who was formerly the mistress of a German Prince. Here a number of young girls, dressed in Oriental costumes, are lined up round the walls of a room, and the patron selects, according to his fancy, the one who is to accompany him to the darkened chamber where opium orgies take place.

A new and disquieting feature of the white slave traffic in the West End of London is the intrusion into it of coloured men with the lowest possible standard of moral development. One of them poses as being a member of a family of ruling chieftains in West Africa, where he is supposed to have large and valuable estates. As a matter of fact he was a cook on a tramp steamer who deserted his ship and started a boarding-house for coloured seamen in Cardiff.

Ultimately he acquired an interest in several of these establishments. But there was such an outcry about repeated complaints of seamen being robbed in these Cardiff dens—in one case over £800 was stolen from a number of seamen—that this filthy impostor decided to come up to London to play the bigger game.

One of his specialities is getting situations for innocent young Welsh girls, who are lured to London by the offer of places as housemaids, barmaids and waitresses. Some of these girls, when they find the kind of places they are taken to, break away again. But many of them, fascinated by London, are unwilling to return.

There are other people constantly engaged in this business of getting young girls into their power, through advertisements offering employment. Many girls reply to these advertisements and are interviewed. When one is found without friends and willing to travel, the White Slave Traffickers have a prospective victim. She is rarely allowed to escape their clutches.

OUR authorities might follow the example of the French police, who two weeks ago issued an official warning to all young girls not to take situations without making full inquiries.

The wiles and the tricks of the people who traffic in innocence are many and diversified. But it ought not to be beyond the power of the police to cope with them. Information of great value is constantly found in raids upon disorderly houses. Why is it not followed up?

MARIE STOPES' "HIGH IDEALS"

Where Her "Best Sellers" Sell Best

DR. MARIE STOPES, in her recent legal action, told us that she desired to get the widest publicity for her books from the highest motives, and in order to help in the dissemination of knowledge that she holds would be useful to the poor.

We may have our own views on the knowledge thus imparted. But if Dr. Marie Stopes is inspired by these lofty ideals, why does she not take steps to prevent her books from being displayed so prominently in the shops which are devoted to parading obscene literature and pushing the sale of mechanical "contraceptives" and all the apparatus of sexual safeguards and preventives?

These shops, with their horrible obtrusion of sex indelicacy, are a disgrace to the West End of London, and a standing peril to the young and inexperienced.

In windows lurid with these blatant indecencies, filled with books whose covers show bedroom scenes, with half-dressed women and leering male satyrs as their chief attractions the books of Dr. Marie Stopes hold a prominent position.

Some of these books are so nakedly indecent that they ought to be suppressed by the police. They are open and shameless stories of

sexual impropriety and often of unnatural vice, written in the crudest and grossest style.

There is no greater scandal than the lure of these shops. Young girls, seeing the much-discussed Marie Stopes' books displayed, stop to look at the other shameless horrors so openly exposed. They may be seen looking in at these windows, giggling with embarrassed laughter at what they see. It is a disgraceful business and should not be tolerated.

Young boys go furtively into these shops and come out with indecent French novelettes sticking out of their pockets. They have been brought in touch with the sexual horrors in which these noisome shops deal. It is a horrible thing to bring youth into close association with such putrid pollution.

Does Dr. Stopes approve of the use thus made of her books, which she says she publishes from the highest motives?

The people who conduct this noisome trade, with its whole apparatus to encourage and safeguard sexual promiscuity, realise the value of Dr. Stopes' books to "pull" the public.

That is why these books are given the place of honour in these disgusting exhibitions.

A CANNIBAL AT LARGE

Despite the repeated exposures we have made of the vile activities of Aleister Crowley, no effort has yet been made to secure his extradition. This article gives further details of his depraved career.

FURTHER investigations into the present and past activities of the degenerate poet, profiteer and drug-trafficker, Aleister Crowley, leave us wondering whether this evil genius and arch-corrupter of youth is a man or some sort of demon in human form. In blasphemous allusion to the last book of the Bible, Crowley openly calls himself "The Beast 666," by which title he is now known throughout the world in certain circles.

Crowley first came under the notice of the police—after leaving Cambridge University, where he is said to have graduated with "Honours"—when he stole £200 from a woman with whom he was then cohabiting. Such an uncanny hold over her did Crowley possess, it appears, that when asked by the police to prosecute, she refused, so that he had to be set free to prey on other women who have since come under his evil spell.

Possessed at one time of ample private means, he penetrated into the recesses of Egypt, Algiers, Morocco, India, Burma, Siam, Mexico, Japan and China, the East Indies, even into the "Forbidden Country" of Tibet. Concerning these travels and his various hunting expeditions some amazing stories are told, which Crowley himself is never tired of relating.

One of these is that leaving his camp in Kashmir one morning, unattended even by natives, Crowley returned with the statement that he had that morning killed two tigers single-handed, one of which, by way of evidence, he carried—or dragged—back with him to camp! The natives of those parts of India visited by Crowley assert that he really had the power of cowing and killing wild beasts by some magical means.

On one solitary mountain-climbing expedition it is actually affirmed that, running short of provisions, he killed two of his native carriers, and cut them up for food! This incredible piece of cannibalism is cynically

authenticated by "The Beast" himself, and is said to have partly formed the basis of a charge made—when his name came up for election to a well-known West End Club—that he was a "homicidal maniac." This terrible charge, of which Crowley was notified, was pressed so seriously by a member of the Committee who had known of his doings in India, that his name was withdrawn by his amazed proposer and seconder, who were, of course, entirely ignorant of the reputation of their nominee.

In 1903 Crowley married at Strathpeffer a talented and pretty young widow, whose brother is one of England's most eminent portrait painters. This unhappy lady divorced Crowley after enduring a married life of unspeakable degradation at his hands. She was driven insane by Crowley's continued persecutions and malpractices, and died recently in an asylum.

Both to his studio—"temples" in Victoria Street and the Fulham Road in London, Crowley enticed a number of scientists and other men and women of repute whom he persuaded to experiment with a subtle and little-known drug, called "Anhalonium Lewinii"—which is a potent aphrodisiac derived from Indian hemp and is very similar in certain of its effects to "hashish"—or "Ghang," as it is commonly called in India.

We have the testimony of several doctors of repute—including one Harley Street specialist—to the "orgies" which Crowley used to indulge in with those who fell under this—and other—drugs' influence.

He has even used it among the members of various house-parties in England, where he was once a welcome guest.

These are facts sufficient in themselves to justify the issue of an extradition warrant for Crowley, so that just punishment may be meted out to him, his abbey of Lust in Sicily closed, and his baneful influence destroyed for ever.

THE CHARITY CHEATERS

We have repeatedly called attention to the large number of unscrupulous characters who thrive on the proceeds of alleged "charity" organisations. At last our exposures have roused the authorities into action.

IT is good news indeed to know that as a result of the persistent exposures in these columns, the authorities have at last moved on the track of the Charity Cheaters.

For years past, our columns have given ample evidence of the systematic frauds that have been carried on in this country under the threadbare cloak of charity. So far, it has been a comparatively easy matter to make money in this way.

It nauseates one to read of the low tricks these pseudo-philanthropists have resorted to in order to further their selfish ends. The sacred cause of charity has been dragged through the mire by men and women who have not scrupled to lie to and cheat the generous-minded.

We will help the authorities to track down these frauds in every way we can.

There is first and foremost the notorious George H. Breton, who, posing as a pioneer of the "Poor Children's Society," has succeeded in mulcting the public of its cash for something like 40 years. We have no hesitation in describing this charity-monger as a shark.

There is also Walter Blackburn and his secretary, Lillian Pike, who, at their headquarters at Beasborough Gardens, Brixton, have made a good thing out of "charity."

We call attention, too, to the ingenious scheme of Mrs. Morgan, who has used such names as Mrs. and Miss Williams, and Madame de Longeville. Her address is, Ferdinand Street, Camden Town, where she runs her home for "lost and starving cats." At least, she pretends she does.

In return for a fee, this generous-hearted lady will collect your precious cat and take it tenderly to her home—where she promptly puts it into a lethal chamber and afterwards sells the skin! This skin-game of hers appears to be a paying one.

For at least 30 years she has been living in the lap of luxury. In addition to this, she sends out poetic

appeals for charitable contributions. Now she is feeling uneasy at our disclosures, and will certainly adopt another alias unless the L.C.C. make use of this information immediately.

Attention might also be given to the activities of a certain charity which emanates from Despard House, Battersea, which—although to all intents and purposes, a thoroughly reputable concern—has some association with a less reputable person by the name of Walter Blackburn, who is somewhere on the top of our blacklist.

The height of audacity is surely reached when Royal patronage is claimed by charity-mongers. There is the scandal of the organisation of certain hospital fetes. The idea is quite simple. Announcing themselves as "private individuals," charity exploiters offer to run balls, carnivals, or fetes, on behalf of any institution in urgent need of funds.

The rest depends upon circumstances. Generally they bill their exploits as being under Royal patronage, but they take great care that most of the fruit resulting from the fete should go into their own pockets while the charity itself gets the core.

The trouble is that so long as some part of the proceeds is given to charity nobody cares a harg. The accounts often remain unchecked, and the public go on being deceived.

In addition to this, as the L.C.C. Commission points out—and as, indeed, we have emphasised again and again—prominent personages lend their names to these funds without taking the trouble to satisfy themselves as to the bona fides of the promoters; neither do they take any care to exercise any personal supervision over their activities.

If the authorities actually mean business we can give them plenty to do, and together with Scotland Yard, the Charity Commissioners, and the Charity Organisation Society, we hope soon to rid the country of these cringing cheats.

THE PASSPORT FARCE . . . Why Britain is the Alien's Mecca

HOW long will the long-suffering public endure the present scandal of the Passport system or, rather, lack of system?

It is only because of the belief that it affords protection from aliens, that its impediments to free travel are tolerated by the public, and yet if the truth be told this protection is just what the Passport Office does not give. On the contrary, it seems to make it easier for crooks to come from abroad into this country because in the mistaken belief that the system is an effective check the ordinary police precautions are relaxed and rogues with passports bearing the stamp that is supposed to vouch for their bona fides enter with impunity.

Following on his conviction as one of the worst rogues ever

dealt with by a Magistrate, "Jack Houston," alias Fritz Bach, has just been sent back to the Fatherland from which he could not have reached this country had we not relied on the fancied protection of the passport stamp.

Fritz was a German with a wife and family, living, on the outbreak of war, in Australia. He was interned, and afterwards returned to Germany.

In due course, he came to England and made the acquaintance of a young girl whom he terrorised into passing as his wife. He made frequent trips to the Continent, using the ordinary means of transport, and presumably must have been armed with the ordinary passport and other papers, supporting his claim to be a British citizen. And no one seems to have noticed him.

Fritz was not the only one. In fact, 119 enemy aliens of undesirable character have been dealt with in this way since the Armistice.

How did they escape the vigilance of the authorities who are supposed to exercise such efficient check. Before passports are issued it is necessary to have a declaration from a lawyer, a clergyman, a doctor, or some other recognised person, vouching for the character of the applicant. Persons signing such declarations are warned that they are responsible for their accuracy, and must not sign except they know the facts of their own knowledge.

Who vouches for rogues like Bach? Why is no action taken against them? The Passport Office does not make the slightest attempt to satisfy themselves that the persons signing the

declarations really know the people they vouch for.

It is, in fact, the simplest thing in the world to obtain a passport stamped over the photograph of an alien who claims to be a British subject. If the authorities were to turn some of the Whitehall idlers on to verifying every signature on a passport form they could be certain of a rude awakening from their complacency. But we have no wish for them to start doing this. There is enough time wasted and bad language used in consequence of the hindrance the system constitutes to bona fide travellers already.

The only efficient action to take is to scrap the entire department and leave the police to do its duty.

By this means alone can the nuisance be ended.

NATIONAL GALLERY SHARKS

"Free" Pictures—At a Price!
by ARNOLD BENNETT

That the proposal to charge a fee for admission to the British Museum should be quashed, was only just, and the Government acted wisely in realising this. There still remains, however, the question of the National Gallery, and the exclusion for four days a week of the ordinary citizen from free entrance. In this article, Mr. Arnold Bennett points out some of the ridiculous features of this rule in the hope that they will be noted and promptly acted upon.

THE Government have given way about charging the public for admittance to its own British Museum, and the greatest national treasure-house of the world has not been reduced to the commercial basis of a cinema.

But the National Gallery (which happens to be the finest all-round picture-gallery in the world) is still forbidden to people of small means on four days a week, and one of these days is Thursday, the small shopkeepers' half-holiday. The Trustees of the National Gallery did this impudent job a short while ago without asking anybody's permission, and we are so law-abiding and so lamb-like that the place has not yet been mobbed and taken by storm.

LET it be noted that we now pay twice over for our National Gallery. We pay in taxes for the whole of its upkeep and for many of the pictures, and then we pay again for permission to enter the building.

The object of the device is purely pecuniary. The money received for admission has never been devoted to the purchase of more pictures. It has always been collared by the Treasury. And, in any case, the amount of it is negligible.

During the last twenty years, when the public had to pay on two days a week, it has averaged little more than £1,000 a year (about the cost of firing a big gun once), and experts calculate that the regulation has kept over two million people out of the Gallery.

At the best the new four-day exclusion will bring in £2,000 a year profit, and will exclude at least twice the number of people excluded by the old regulation.

The old regulation, bad enough, was made in order to preserve copyists from being pestered by taxpayers. But why copyists, mostly very bad copyists copying third-rate pictures (they scarcely ever copy the finest pictures for private profit), should be favoured at the expense of the public, I have never been able to understand.

APPARENTLY the authorities do all they conscientiously can to keep the public out of the National Gallery. Whereas the public ought to be encouraged by every possible means to visit the Gallery. For the attendance is relatively very small. It is an astounding fact that nearly as many persons visit the Manchester Art Gallery in a year as visit the National Gallery. As things are

the attendance at the former will probably soon surpass that at the latter, for we in London who have a fancy to go to Trafalgar Square cannot be sure, without consulting a work of reference, whether the day we have chosen is free or not.

The attack on the freedom of the British Museum was certainly conceived by some bright and idiotic official who was completely out of touch with public opinion. The Government was overwhelmed by the force and unanimity of the protest against a monstrous proposal, and put its hands up in good time.

The case about the National Gallery is exactly on all fours with the case about the British Museum. It is just as iniquitous that the impecunious public should be barred from the National Gallery as from the British Museum.

THE British Museum was saved solely because the consent of the House of Commons had to be obtained before the sixpenny turnstiles could be installed. The National Gallery is not under direct Parliamentary control, and hence the Trustees could successfully defy any amount of public opinion. But the public opinion is there all the same, and we ought not to rest until we have compelled the Trustees to undo the great wrong which, in their startling folly, they have done.

SAINTS and SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Labour Party is divided into two clearly-defined Parties. There is the highbrow minority and there is the democratic majority, the front bench as against all the other benches. Temperamentally they are utterly dissimilar. The old-fashioned Tory has more in common with the modern Radical than has Philip Snowden with Jack Jones. This is not merely a question of training; it is primarily a question of individual mentality, plus the characteristic outlook of the different political periods.

MR. JACK JONES is about the most splenetic member of his Party; he is therefore supremely typical of present-day tendencies. Essentially kind of heart, he hates anything that resembles insincerity and callousness—and he hates as only a warm-hearted sympathetic person can. His passion, when it is aroused, is not of the white and freezing variety one associates with Snowden; it is crimson and boiling hot. When once he is worked up to boiling-point, nothing on earth will prevent him from bubbling over. There is but one thing to be done on such occasions; he must be led, gently, though firmly, to some quiet spot, locked up, and left alone with a long drink of iced lemonade.

Sometimes he so completely loses control over his head and tongue



MR. JACK JONES, M.P.

that even the most extreme labourites are made to tingle with a sense of inferiority as they regard the amused and lofty expressions of indifference and contempt on the faces of their opponents opposite. Nevertheless, the fact that his heart is so obviously in the right place has secured for him a measure of indulgence that would hardly be accorded his less noisy and more egotistical companions.

"JACKIE JONES?" said a member of the Conservative Party to me the other day: "Oh, Jackie's all right! Very impressionable fellow. He'll be eating out of our hands in a session or two. A lot of heart. No brain. One of the naughtiest bairns in our political nursery. Perhaps his real trouble is that it's his first experience of nurseries!"

Though said sarcastically, this was meant kindly, and there's not a little truth in it. Mr. Jones is, politically speaking, a baby. He's a rough, bluff man, quite uncultured, and curiously ignorant of anything outside his own class. He can never see more than one side to any question; and he can hardly be said to see it so much as to feel it.

EVERY sort of formality or procedure infuriates him. "What's all this damned nonsense?" was the remark that sprang naturally to his lips when he first clapped eyes on Black Rod. He seldom stops to think, acts and speaks on the spur of the moment, and nothing could be further from his intention than the idea of playing a waiting game. He's all for getting things done at once, and he hasn't yet grasped the fact that Parliament is not a place where things are done but where they are always going to be done.

The unyielding intellectual stamina of Snowden or MacDonald is quite beyond him. His emotions are violent and momentary. He wants Utopia now, this instant, and if he can't get it there'll be hell to pay! Or, at any rate, a scene in the House.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



They're searching Fritz's coat and vest
To find his hidden riches;
If they're not there, the French declare
They'll then go thro' his breeches.



To those who want to build a house
It must be very galling
To have to bribe this greedy tribe
With prices quite appalling.



These pension scandals every day
A righteous rage are kindling;
To give and then to take away
Comes pretty near to swindling.



In Mesopotamia the Government
Show no signs of repentance,
They've just piled on to poor old John
Another ten years' sentence.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
11, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—If you want any further evidence in favour of a tax on betting you might do worse than have a chat with Sir George Fuller. New South Wales, of which country Sir George is Premier, has a population of only two millions, yet the yield from a tax on bets, coupled with a further levy on admission tickets to racecourses, amounts to nearly £600,000 a year. Think what that would mean in this country with its forty-three million people! Here's your chance! Why not seize it? JOHN BULL.

To VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C.H.,
London.

DEAR SIR,—I see that you are going on a missionary visit to Scotland as President of the Industrial League and Council, and that you intend to form a Scottish Section of the League. My good wishes go with you. Nothing is more important than peace in industry, and peace is only to be won when employer and employed meet in joint council. Scotland has been too long neglected. May you succeed in making up for lost time. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED MOND, Bart., M.P.,
35, Lowndes Square, W.

DEAR SIR,—Your statement that Palestine is "a land of promise due to the activity of a small number of Jewish people" will scarcely hold water. It may be a land of promise; but the promise, I suggest to you, is largely due to the fleecing of the British taxpayer. I don't in the

least mind the Jews having a national home provided that they will pay for it themselves. We have quite enough to do here in trying to find homes for our own people, and the burden of Palestine we mean to shake off. JOHN BULL.

To The Marquis CURZON,
Foreign Office.

MY LORD,—At your request the international experts who have been examining the Turkish counter-proposals to the Treaty of Lausanne have observed the strictest secrecy. Isn't it about time that this secret diplomacy stuff was cut out? Seeing the pretty pass to which it has brought us I can't help feeling that a little of the fresh air of publicity would be a considerable improvement in foreign affairs, even though it blew away one or two spurious reputations. Think it over! JOHN BULL.

To C. E. HUGHES, Esq., Secretary of State,
Washington, U.S.A.

DEAR MR. HUGHES,—Your statement that in 1884 Great Britain excluded American enterprise from the Burmese Oilfields turns out to be as incorrect as your recent pronouncement on our policy in naval matters. At a time when everybody in a position of responsibility on this side of the Atlantic is doing his level best to improve the understanding between our respective countries, it is nothing short of a calamity that these serious misrepresentations should be broadcast on the authority of the second man in the U.S.A. With all possible sources of information open to you, why do you not make sure of your facts before you speak? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir R. A. SANDERS, Bart., M.P.,
Ministry of Agriculture.

SIR,—Our export trade in worn-out horses to the Continent is a blot on our civilisation, and you are the man who should stop it. I am therefore deeply disappointed at the airy way you admit to the R.S.P.C.A. that although the traffic has diminished it still goes on. The sufferings of these poor broken-down creatures while crossing the channel on their way to the Belgian butchers are notorious. It is a sickening story, and it should be brought to an end. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. P. WOOLCOMBE,
Rector of Sutton, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—Your kinema services on Sunday evenings are a splendid idea, and I am glad to hear they are so successful. Every week 2,000 people who have probably hardly ever attended a church listen to your band music and join in the hymns thrown on the screen. They are allowed to smoke and generally made to feel they are at home and the result is general enjoyment, with spiritual advancement thrown in. You are doing an enormous amount of good for young people who would otherwise be prowling about the streets, and your example ought to be followed all over the country. JOHN BULL.

To Master RICHARDSON,
Carlin How, Yorkshire.

DEAR LAD,—So many cases of brutality to dumb animals are brought to my notice that it is a refreshing change to hear of a humane and plucky deed like yours. You heard the agonised cries of a cat which had fallen 60 feet down a disused pitshaft and at once, though only 14 years old, you set about rescuing it. With a rope fastened round your body you went down, and after considerable difficulty brought it to the surface. It was a fine action and I hope to see it suitably rewarded. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN SCHOOLING,
Baker, Battersea.

SIR,—You recently had a collision on the Brighton Road while driving your car at 35 miles an hour, and you were found to be so drunk that you had to be taken to the police-station in an ambulance. Apart from the danger to road-users caused by your disgusting conduct you imperilled the lives of two little children who were your passengers. I am glad you have been disqualified from holding a licence for six months, but it's a pity you are not spending part of the time in jail. Road hogs are ugly beasts, and they must be exterminated. JOHN BULL.

To W. F. MIDDLETON, Esq.,
Chairman, Edmonton, U.D.C.

DEAR SIR,—At the recent election for the Edmonton District Council, the first count showed a majority of three votes for Mr. Fred Wade over his Labour opponent, Mr. A. Hollywood. The latter demanded a re-count, when it transpired that a bundle of 235 Labour votes had been overlooked. Surely this means a scandalous lack of organisation. Mistakes like this ought not to happen, and before the next election takes place I should advise you to overhaul the machinery. JOHN BULL.

To MORRIS BERGER, Greengrocer,
Rookwood Road, Stamford Hill, N.

SIR,—Anyone who would work a wretched little pony for 14 hours a day and nearly seven days a week while it was suffering from lameness and sores can be nothing but an inhuman brute, and I hope your customers will note the Magistrate's remark that your offence was one of the worst of its kind ever brought before him. Why in these circumstances he let you off with a fine, when he might have given you three months' hard labour, passes my comprehension. Such misplaced leniency is disgraceful. JOHN BULL.

THE HOUSING OGRE!



"NEVILLE THE GIANT KILLER":—"It's a big job to tackle, but it's got to be done!"

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The British Library

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

A CABINET Committee is considering whether Ministers of the Crown ought to sell their secrets. Not while they are in office, of course—that would be unthinkable—but when their emoluments have ceased and publishers offer tempting prices for such racy reminiscences as those with which Mr. Winston Churchill has

Cabinet Revelations

lately been regaling the readers of the *Times*. Nor is it only the politicians who are thus persuaded to tell the official tale. We had the published memories of the late Lord Fisher, more recently the candid disclosures of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, and only the other day a remarkably outspoken volume from the pen of the officer who during the war acted as private secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France.

For our own part, we dislike the idea of ex-Ministers trafficking in Cabinet secrets, even when they have grown a little stale, but on the other hand we hate to discourage them when they are in the mood to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If we may say so, it is so rare and refreshing.

The British people who had the privilege of fighting for their country have a right to know how that country has been governed.

The fact is we are now grown up, and are not quite so ready as once we were to open our mouths and shut our eyes in blind and gaping trust. Shrewd demagogue as he is, Mr. Lloyd George understands this and unblushingly writes for the newspapers.

Naturally Mr. Bonar Law is a little shocked, for these disclosures are apt to be so destructive of that "tranquillity" which becomes a contemplative statesman. But we fancy such ebullient pens as those of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill will take a deal of restraining. Their revelations do not inspire us with such reverence that we need deem the processes of government too sacred for the vulgar eye. Let us know the worst. As we read, we learn, for in spite of Carlyle we are not a nation of fools.

THE Bill promoted by Lady Astor and her teetotal friends to prohibit the sale of drink to persons under 18 has passed its Second Reading and has been referred to a Standing Committee. Let

Lady Astor's Blunder.

it be said at once that we are opposed to this innocent-looking measure. We dislike grandmotherly legislation, we dislike the spirit of prohibition, and we dislike Lady Astor. Not that we are insensible to the lady's charms, but we detest her principles. They come from America; and we know what has happened in that country since it was made a crime to drink.

No one is simple enough to imagine that the prohibitionists are really satisfied with Lady Astor's Bill, or that, for its own modest sake, they set much store by it. Over a confidential cup of tea they will admit no more than that it is a "good beginning." They welcome the Bill less for what it achieves than for what it promises; they believe that if the freedom-loving British public can be accustomed to prohibition in small

doses they will some day swallow the whole bolus without a shiver.

The arguments employed by the promoters of this measure are very easily met. Admittedly it is a very bad thing for a boy or girl under 18 to take too much liquor; also it is a bad thing for young people to waste too much time at cinemas, to smoke cigarettes before breakfast, or to stop up all night dancing. But the remedy for these evils is not to call a policeman. The world, alas! is full of temptations, and the man or woman who does not learn to resist them will never be fit to sit at the same table with nice people like Lady Astor.

The prohibitionist ideal of a world from which all temptation has been removed does not appeal to the practical moralist; while, all else apart, it would be as dull as ditch-water. The boy who gets drunk before he is 18 is in any case an abnormal creature who, if you shut the door of the public-house in his face, may be trusted to get into worse mischief the moment Lady Astor's back is turned; and to argue that because of these freakish exceptions to the general rule of sanity no person under the age of 18 is fit to drink a glass of beer, is to fly in the face of common-sense.

It is easy by means of prohibition to make boys into teetotallers, or non-smokers, or even vegetarians. By similar means they might be made into any kind of plaster saint. It is not so easy on the same principles to make them men.

EVERYONE knows that if you are rich enough divorce is as easy as shelling peas. Talk it over with the wife, send her along to her solicitors, and they will do the rest provided you are in a position to pay their costs. The whole system is eaten out with humbug, and the arch-priest of this hypocrisy is the King's Proctor. In

Wanton Waste.

relation to divorce the activities of this official are a disgusting farce.

In theory it is his duty to prevent divorces founded upon "collusion," that is upon private agreement between husband and wife; yet it may be stated without fear of contradiction that half the undefended cases in the Divorce lists are based upon collusion, naked and unashamed. There are thousands of these cases every year; the King's Proctor intervenes in less than a hundred. And at what a cost! The Department of the King's Proctor figures in the annual Civil Service Estimates at £102,000. Never, it seems, does this exalted Nosey Parker open his mouth in the Divorce Court at a less cost to the taxpayer than a thousand pounds.

The fact is that public opinion has outrun the Divorce Laws, and in these days most divorces rest upon a legal fiction. Where a marriage exists only in name, the mutual love which made it a thing of beauty having departed for ever, the common-sense of decent people does not regard "collusion" as a crime. This being so, the expenditure of £102,000 a year on the services of a big policeman to prevent it, mostly to the disadvantage of the poor who do not know the ropes, is a wanton waste of public money. Where's that axe?

IT is about time someone talked plainly to Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. C. B. Cochran in regard to the "All Black" revues they propose bringing to this country. These

A Black invasion

projects are in our view thoroughly objectionable. There are well-understood obstacles of a moral nature to the wholesale employment of coloured artistes at West End theatres, and it is not to be expected that the atmosphere of the stage will be the cleaner for their presence. The unorthodox manners of the negro are apt to be less pleasing than his unconventional melodies. There are places other than the stage, as Mr. Cochran knows quite well, where the black revue artiste is fond of "Shuffling Along," and his prowling habits are not to our taste.

To British-born music-hall artistes the matter, almost literally, is one of life and death. Many of them are out of work and starving. Imagine their feelings as they read that Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. Cochran have no use for them, that their white skins are a bar to employment, that none but niggers need apply. No wonder the Actors' Association and the Variety Artistes' Federation are up in arms. But there is a more powerful body than either of these which can stop these dusky schemes if it chooses. That body is the British theatre-going public.

The Home Office, moreover, has a duty to perform. Under the Aliens Restriction Order, 1920, an employer proposing to import foreigners to work in this country must certify that no British labour will thereby be displaced. Has Sir Alfred Butt given this undertaking? Can Mr. Cochran give a similar guarantee?

The denizens of "dear old Dixie" are no doubt estimable people in their way, and it is a great pity their native charm should be destroyed by a too garish introduction to the night life of London. When added to this their arrival means that our own entertainers must go on "resting" till they forget what a square meal tastes like, it is time to remind the theatrical magnates that the public has a heart.

THE report of the League of Nations Commission on the White Slave Traffic, just published, is an interesting document, but it does not carry us very far. These international

The White Slave Traffic

palavers seldom do. It is as though the smell of refuse in a city by-street were investigated by a committee of residents sitting late and long, the one thing really needful being for each householder to clean out his own dustbin.

It is the duty of each nation to stamp out this odious traffic within its own borders, and the further revelations we publish this week show how far our own authorities are from a proper grasp of the problem. The woman Queenie Gerald is still at large, while other vampires, emboldened by her immunity, compete with her for pre-eminence in the organisation of vice.

The time has passed when we could preach virtue to Paris, Berlin or Vienna. Example, not precept, must be Britain's contribution to the moral disinfection of the world.

IS OUR NUMBER UP ? by A. G. GARDINER

LORD STRATHSPEY seems to think it is :
 "How long for the British Empire?"
 he asks, and the answer he gives suggests
 that it will be a very short time unless something
 is done about it. I suppose his misgivings are
 shared by many people in these days, when
 King's have fallen by the dozen and empires have
 collapsed like houses of cards. The sense of the
 permanence of things has gone, and we are in a
 world where anything may happen—to us as
 well as to others. Lord Fisher used to quote
 with great unction the words of the poet :—

**Time and the ocean and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are.**

It is a comfortable thought ; but I suppose every Empire has entertained it in the time of its greatness. The Persia of Cyrus, the Macedon of Alexander, the Rome of Augustus, the Venice of Loredano, the Spain of Philip II, the France of Louis XIV, all believed that some special divinity hedged them round. But they all crumbled away like moth-eaten garments, and it may be, as Lord Strathspay suspects, that we are as mortal as the rest. In any case he does a useful service in warning us of the dangers that beset us.

I doubt, however, whether he puts his finger on the vulnerable spot. He is thinking of the self-governing Dominions. We are losing touch with them and they are drifting from us. We ought, he says, to have them represented in Parliament, we ought to call in their High Commissioners to our Cabinet councils, we should distribute honours more liberally among them and so on. As to honours, Canada has recently shown that the last thing she wants is a shower of honours. There is much to be said for closer political action, and it is certain that if Mr. Lloyd George had consulted the High Commissioners last August, he would not have sent out that wild message to the Dominions which blew his Government to pieces.

But the real peril to the Empire is not the self-governing Dominions. Empires do not rot at the extremities first. They rot at the centre. So long as the English roots are sound, the branches will not fall away from us. Our immediate trouble is not with the self-governing Dominions. It is with our enormous commitments to subject peoples whose government puts an intolerable strain upon our resources.

We simply cannot afford such extravagances as those in which Mr. Churchill (now happily and I hope permanently in retirement) has involved us in Mesopotamia. Our plain duty is to cut our losses wherever we can and to diminish them elsewhere, as in India and Egypt, by bringing our policy into conformity with the wishes of the people themselves. The old Imperial idea of imposing our will on a reluctant people is dead because it is too expensive a luxury to be indulged in. Our business is not to govern "subject" peoples, but to earn their good will and confidence by helping them to govern themselves.

On these terms the British Empire, as an association of self-governing peoples, will not only endure, but will perform more illustrious service to the world than it has ever done. Whether "our number is up" or not depends upon our own wisdom and statesmanship.

INFAMOUS HOUSING

by PHILIP SNOWDEN. M.P.

"I AM informed that the immediate need of working-class houses for England and Wales is estimated at approximately 500,000. To meet this need the same untiring enthusiasm will be required as that which enabled the country to meet the demand for food of war. . . . It is not too much to say that an adequate solution of the housing question is the foundation of all social progress."—*The King*. April, 1919.

"TO let our heroes come from the horrible water-logged trenches to something little better than a pigsty here would be indeed criminal on the part of ourselves, and would be a blot on all we have said during the war."—President of the Local Government Board, November 1914

The estimate of the need of half a million new houses is far below the actual figure. It takes little or no account of the need for re-housing the people who are now living in slum areas. The Chairman of the Housing

Committee of the L.C.C. recently said that there are no fewer than 2,000 slum areas in London, "areas considered unfit for human habitation because of want of air, light and ventilation, and because of lack of proper conveniences and existence of sanitary defects."

In the Press to-day is the report of the Medical Officer of a large provincial town, who describes certain property in the borough so rat-infested that the father has to keep awake while his children sleep, to prevent them from being eaten by rats ! A

member of the Government told me a few days ago of a case within his own knowledge in his constituency, where a family of husband, wife and seven children live in two rooms. The husband and wife and the three younger children slept in one room, the four elder in the other. An eighth child was about to be born. The three younger children were put in the room occupied by the four elder, who were turned out into the street at midnight until the child was born!

IN the face of such a terrible problem as this, the State has done nothing effective. After it had sanctioned the building of about 170,000 houses it stopped its programme on account of the cost. Meanwhile private enterprise is doing practically nothing to supply the need. "It is evident," says the Chairman of the L.C.C. Housing Committee, "that the class of house required by the working classes will not be built by private enterprise."

The houses built by the local authorities, under the State scheme, have cost from four to five times the pre-war figure. Now that wages have fallen, it would need the whole family income in many cases to pay an



Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.E.



Mr. NOWDEN, M.P.

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" The object of the Association is keeping up the price to the buyer of made and supplied by its members. done by means of pooling arrangements production that prices will rise natura as they always must do when supply equilibrium with, or ever so little be

How well this policy has been carried out, its purpose can be seen from the cost of the materials which prevail to-day. Cement, 100 per cent. and more over; Bricks, a very close "ring," five per cent., and all other materials correspondingly high. The large increase in wages which has taken place has produced a proportionate impression on the cost of production. Since the announcement was made, certainly, of the Government's policy of courage building, prices have risen and are on the upward trend again.

We cannot get cheap houses
famous rings are to be permi

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of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended a
journal like recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day

POOR HOUSING RINGS

by PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

I AM informed that the immediate need of working-class houses for England and Wales alone is estimated at approximately 500,000. To meet this need the same untiring energy and enthusiasm will be required as that which enabled the country to meet the demand for munitions of war. . . . It is not too much to say that an adequate solution of the housing question is the foundation of all social progress."—The King. April, 1919.

TO let our heroes come from the horrible water-logged trenches to something little better than a pigsty here would be indeed criminal on the part of ourselves, and would be a negation of all we have said during the war."—President of the Local Government Board, November, 1916.

estimate of the need of half a million houses is far below the actual figure, little or no account of the need for housing the people who are now living in slums. The Chairman of the Housing Committee of the L.C.C. said that there are no less than 2,000 slum areas in London, "areas considered unfit for human habitation on account of want of air, light, ventilation, and because of proper conveniences and distance of sanitary districts."

The Press to-day is the voice of the Medical Officer of Health of a large provincial town. He describes certain portions of the borough so rotten that the father has to keep awake while his child sleeps, to prevent them being eaten by rats! A member of the Government told me a few days ago of a case within his own knowledge of a family of husband and wife and seven children live in two rooms. The husband and wife and the three younger children slept in one room, the four elder in another. An eighth child was about to be born. The three younger children were put in a room occupied by the four elder, who were turned out into the street at midnight when the child was born!

The face of such a terrible problem as this, the State has done nothing effective. It had sanctioned the building of about 100,000 houses it stopped its programme on account of the cost. Meanwhile private enterprise is doing practically nothing to meet the need. "It is evident," says the Chairman of the L.C.C. Housing Committee, "that the class of house required by the working classes will not be built by private enterprise."

Houses built by the local authorities, under the State scheme, have cost from four to five times the pre-war figure. Now that the subsidies have fallen, it would need the whole income in many cases to pay an



Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

economic rent for these houses. That is clearly impossible. The question therefore is:— "How can houses be built to let at a rent within the means of the people who need them?"

The Director-General of Housing estimates that present building costs are from 60 to 70 per cent. above pre-war cost. At this price a working-class house cannot be built to let on an economic basis at less than 10s. a week, exclusive of rates, taxes, and water charges. This is clearly a rent beyond the means of the great body of wage-earners. Two questions therefore arise: First, can the cost of building be further reduced; and second, if not, from what source must the difference between the economic rent and the possible rent be met?

The cost of building is artificially raised by the operations of "building rings" in the building trade. One of these associations, which manufactures goods needed in the building of houses, had until recently the following words at the head of its rules:

"The object of the Association is that of raising and keeping up the price to the buyer of goods and articles made and supplied by its members. This should be done by means of pooling arrangements, so controlling production that prices will rise naturally and inevitably, as they always must do when supply is brought into equilibrium with, or ever so little below, the demand."

How well this policy has served its purpose can be seen from the costs of building materials which prevail to-day. Timber is 100 per cent. and more over 1913 figures. Bricks, a very close "ring," from 100 to 150 per cent., and all other materials correspondingly high. The large reduction of wages which has taken place in the trades producing these commodities has made no proportionate impression on building costs. Since the announcement was made, just recently, of the Government subsidy to encourage building, prices have hardened, and are on the upward trend again.

We cannot get cheap houses if these infamous rings are to be permitted to exploit

the demand by profiteering. Before the suggested subsidy is given, steps must be taken to prevent that. It can be done by instituting a system of costing under State control, similar to that imposed with such advantage during the war in the wool trade and in munition factories, whereby, according to Mr. Lloyd George, prices were brought down to one-fifth, in some cases, of the prices previously paid.

BUT if it is impossible to build houses to let at a rent within the means of the working-class, the loss will have to be met as part of the cost of national security. A State subsidy to Housing is really a part of necessary Public Health expenditure. It will pay indirectly hundreds per cent. in improved health, morality, and industrial efficiency. For an expenditure of less than one-hundredth part of the money spent on the war, the Housing question could be settled, and every family in the land provided with a home in which they would take a pride. This could be done for half the sum which is annually spent on drink, much of which expenditure is due to bad housing conditions.

THE charge is often made that the high cost of building is due to "canny" of the deliberate restriction of output, by the workmen. If there has been some truth in this charge in the past, the reason was to be found in the unsettled conditions of the industry and its exceptional liability to unemployment. But a full housing scheme would remove all such temptation to limit output, for it would assure full employment for many years to come.

The Housing question does not affect the wage-earning classes only. The difficulty is keenly felt by the middle classes, as the results of the recent elections have proved. Many of them are in hourly terror of having the houses they rent sold over their heads, and being turned into the streets. Those who have the means to buy a house, or are able to borrow money, are purchasing houses at prices which will burden them with intolerable capital charges for the rest of their lives.

ONLY a reduction in building costs, to an extent which will encourage an adequate supply of middle-class houses, will meet the difficulties of these people. They should be on the warpath against the building rings. There must be no decontrol of rents until the supply is equal to the demand.

If the Government does not at once seriously tackle the whole Housing question it will go down. It must deal remorselessly with the profiteer. It must see that houses are provided. If private enterprise cannot supply the need, the State and the municipalities together must do it. For houses for everybody we must have.

REFORM THE REFORMERS!

by W. HAROLD THOMSON

PATIENCE, we are told, is a virtue, but patience which submits to unreasonable onslaughts is a weakness.

Since the dread days of 1914, home-staying British men and women have been smacked, shaken, and upbraided. Indirectly, they have been told—though not convinced—that they are waywardly-inclined children who must go back to the infant class in life's school, and obey without cavil the edicts of their self-ordained preceptors.

Now, the crank may not be popular, he may not be really humanised, but he is a "sticker."

Through distortedly-lensed glasses, he or she sees what he conceives to be a light, and follows it. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred this light is a crazy Will-o'-the-wisp, but the crank whoops in joyous pursuit.

He leaps at hurdles which would present impossible barriers to the wide-viewed man; he slithers and scrambles gaspingly through bogs which would choke anyone less fanatical; he waves contemptuously aside any opinion not strictly in accordance with his own.

Yet there is weight in numbers, and the aftermath of the war brought its plague of would-be reformers.

We have had enough of grandmotherly treatment. It is time that the reformers were reformed. Our country has become a nursery controlled by gadfly-like uncontrollables.

You must not drink alcohol—or drink that which the reformers humorously describe as alcoholic—except in certain places, and at certain times, and unless you are a certain age.

You may not buy cigarettes nor chocolates after a certain hour of the night; in short, you may not do this and you may not do that.

When are we citizens of Britain, we tax and rate payers who, welded together, make up what is known as the nation's backbone, going to assert ourselves and kick the pin-headed, but loud-voiced reformers out into that chill oblivion to which they rightly belong?

It is time that this happened; indeed, had we not been unreasonably patient, it would have happened long ago.

What we should drive firmly into our brains is that the mental light-weights who have arisen in an attempt to oppress us are neither Teachers nor Leaders.

They are at best well-meaning asses, and they should be driven kind-heartedly into a pleasant but remote pasture land, and left there to browse on green-fool with no company save their own.

Admittedly, that would be a hard fate, for the reformer is always miserable save when reforming. But think of the benefits accruing to us.

From time to time reformations in human life are not merely necessary but inevitable. But these reformations are real steps forward, conceived and carried to completion by big minds.

The reformers against whom I tilt here are the little, waspish people.

Let the plain man who has paid the piper for so long call the tune. If he does, then the tune, when it is played, will jig the smug-faced, thin-winded reformer out of our midst.

And let the kill-joys among our legislators remember that war-time restrictions are for war-time. In peace time John Bull objects to the buzzing of irritating insects.

THE Editor does not necessarily share all views expressed on this page, but considers them of sufficient interest and importance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this journal the recognised platform for the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

Turf Crooks I've Tricked

FOR sheer cleverness, ingenuity, and brazen effrontery, the manner in which Pat Barrie, single-handed, bluffed the cleverest gang of crooks in London cannot be surpassed, as this article shows.

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Master Horse-Faker



GILBERT MARSH is in prison serving a stiff sentence for some of his many sins. He was a clever crook, one of the cleverest, in fact, I have ever met, and that is saying something, yet there was one man who could have taught him a lot.

That man was his brother D'Arcy. He could well have claimed the title "King of Grafters."

D'Arcy was the man who financed Billie Carleton, and it was D'Arcy who went into her room where she lay dead and collected the jewellery she wore, and which belonged to him. There was no limit to his craft and cunning, and nearly all the schemes he pulled off were remarkable for the audacity and ingenuity with which they were carried into effect.

But despite this, I had the extreme satisfaction of tricking D'Arcy Marsh and his gang in as neat a fashion as it is possible to imagine.

When this happened, I was nearly broke. My possessions consisted of £40 "ready," 30s. in the bank, some smart clothes, and a nomination for a mythical horse called "John Vance" in a race at Phoenix Park, Dublin. There wasn't such a horse. He had to materialise, and I decided that he would materialise out of D'Arcy Marsh's stable.

Now at this time I only knew Gilbert Marsh slightly, and had no idea that D'Arcy was his brother.

What I did know, and what I was interested in, was that D'Arcy was apparently a very rich man who had run through a fortune of £100,000 but still had plenty of money and a string of horses in training at Epsom.

IN the role of Major Wilkins, race-horse owner and mug-punter, I had made the acquaintance of two steeple-chase jockeys—a poor chap who was killed in France last year, and a gentleman rider whose name is to-day amongst the most famous cross-country riders. These men both knew D'Arcy Marsh very well, so I approached them with the object of getting an introduction.

"I want to meet Mr. D'Arcy Marsh," I said. "There's a little animal of his which I'd like to strike a bargain for."

The gentleman rider grinned.

"You won't get much of a bargain out of Marsh," he replied. "I know

him pretty well, and if I were you I would be mighty careful in my dealings with him, Major. He's too wise for you."

I insisted, for I had set my mind on that horse, and simply had to get him, or rather the use of him, and without parting with my £40 either.

Seeing that I was determined, the gentleman rider agreed to give me the required introduction, and on a certain night there arrived at D'Arcy's flat that man of wealth and substance, Peter Christian Barrie, alias Major Wilkins, of the Australians.

I dressed well—that was part of my graft. A good tailor writes the best letter of introduction. D'Arcy and his crowd took me in with one glance. They saw the easiest "kill" in the world—a fly mug, who thought he knew it all, and so they gave me a royal welcome.

The champagne fizzed and bubbled for the "good fellow" who had suddenly dropped from heaven, and when the "good fellow" started boasting of how clever he was, it looked as if my money was in their pockets. I wasn't anxious to play cards, and, like the good grafters they were, they did not press me.

"The truth is," said I, "I wanted to meet you with the idea of buying a few horses—or at least one horse."

"I would do anything to oblige you, Major," said D'Arcy Marsh. "Do you bet much?"

I shook my head.

"Not a great deal," I said. "I have a few bookmakers' accounts, and my limit is £400 a week, and I couldn't keep that up for more than a season."

I COULD almost see their ears prick up at this. £400 a week! A man who could afford to lose that much for a season would show a fine profit if he was handled right.

"Not that I should lose that much" I hastened to add. "I'm not a mug."

"I've never met anybody who looked less like a mug," said Marsh.

"Have another drink, Major?"

"No, thank you. I like to keep my head clear. No, I know almost all that can be known about racing—they can teach me nothing in this country. I understand horses, and the fellow who tries to put one over on me has got to get up early in the morning. I can ride a bit, and it is my ambition to win the Grand National on my own horse."

This is the kind of talk I handed out, and here let me say that it is the "mug talk" that lands so many "clever" men in trouble. The real grafter likes nothing better than to meet a victim who prides himself on his cunning. They are easier than young men from the country.

"If I had a few decent horses just now," I said, "I would soon show you the way to win races. But my present lot aren't much good."

D'Arcy pricked his ears up at this. "I have a horse in my stable that would win a race," he mentioned carelessly.

"What's its name?" I asked.

"Siller," he replied.

Now, Siller was the very horse I was after. He was, I think, a cast-off from Mr. (now Sir Edward) Hulton's stable. I always remember him because his dam was Money Down. Why I should remember that you will discover.

"WHAT do you want for him?" I asked, and he named a price which was in the region of £400.

I told him I'd seen the animal, and thought too that she could do good if ridden properly.

"I wouldn't mind buying him," I said. "The only thing is that I should like to take delivery early to-morrow morning, as I'm going over to Phoenix Park, and want to try him out before I leave. You can't trust these stable-boys, and I'm a very good judge of pace."

"That's easily fixed," he replied.

"I can arrange that right now if you like. I'll phone the stable and give you a letter to my trainer."

This suited me exactly. All that now remained to be done was to get the payment settled.

"That's a deal, then," I said.

"Now how about the money?"

As I spoke, I pulled my £40 out of my pocket. It consisted of two £20 notes, wrapped round a thick roll of paper that weren't notes at all. It looked like the wad of a millionaire.

"I haven't got much 'ready' on me," I remarked, modestly. "I expect I'll need most of this to-night, and yet I can't very well ask you to take a cheque."

"My dear Major, a cheque is as good as a bank-note to me," said Marsh, and so with 30s. to my credit I wrote a cheque for £400.

AFTER he had 'phoned the stable to make the necessary arrangements and given me the letter of authority to collect "Siller," I renewed my talk about myself and my racing propensities, and they listened politely.

"I can see that you're an unusual type of sportsman," said Marsh, "and I'd like to see some more of you. Come up some evening."

Of course, I said I would. Poor D'Arcy! He swallowed the pill he was gliding for me. He was a crook, and his peculiar graft was and is repugnant to me, but he had many likeable qualities.

Early in the morning I took the horse, but instead of putting him into my stable—as Marsh imagined—I hurried him off to Euston, where I had engaged a special horse-box. Before the Marshes were awake, Siller was en route to Holyhead.

And on the journey his colour changed, and so did the appearance of his mane and tail. He passed across to Ireland in the disguise of a hack, but it was as "John Vance" (I am not giving the real name because somebody else is involved) that he appeared at Phoenix Park.

I only had my £40 to bet with, but I had credit from a dozen course bookmakers, and thus I was able to back my very dark horse to win me £1,800.

The race was a good one, and there was a bit of a scramble at the start, but Siller came away well, and as the field approached I could see my £1,800 coming nearer and nearer.

In the last hundred yards my little fancy stretched himself and surprised everybody except me by leaving the rest standing and winning in a canter, for the form in Ireland was two stone behind English form.

AS soon as the horse had left the unsaddling enclosure, and was rubbed down, I whisked him back to Kingstown and on to the boat.

There was the danger that, when he found that the cheque was dishonoured, Marsh might get in touch with the police, but it was more likely that he would first look for me to get his money or horse. I was determined that it should be the horse.

On my arrival at Holyhead I sent a wire to Marsh, which ran:

"My cheque no good. Your horse very good. I am returning him."

And back to Epsom Siller went, with all the dye on him. In fact, when he did arrive the trainer did not recognise him and refused to take delivery! However, D'Arcy Marsh had a sense of humour, and his only reproach when I met him later, was:

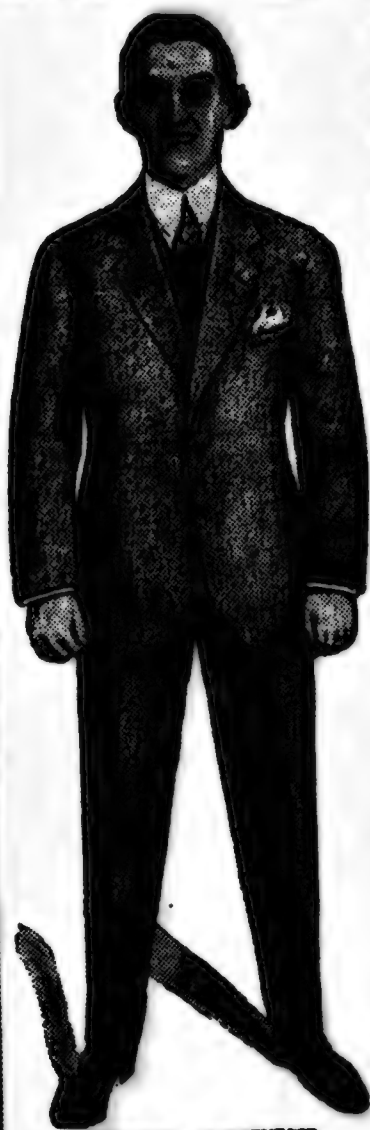
"Why didn't you let me into the swindle, Barrie?"

If D'Arcy had lived we would never have been caught. He was shrewd and careful; a grafter with the brain of a general. Certainly, had he lived, he would never have shielded himself behind Norman Weiss, as Gilbert did when he allowed a perfectly innocent man to go to gaol for an offence of which he knew no more than a babe unborn.

In the hope that I may yet undo something of the terrible injustice which was meted out to our poor innocent victim, Norman Weiss, I will, next week, make the fullest confession of the part he played.

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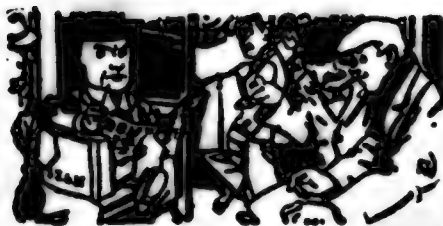
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UNDERGROUND HISTORY

"The Air" in the Tube

by HARRISON OWEN



"THERE'S nah dahbt abaht it, George," remarked Mr. James James, the Underground Traveller, impressively; "it's time someone 'ad an 'cart to 'cart tork with th' Hair Ministry . . . Wot's it done? It ain't wot it's done, George, but wot it 'asn't bin an' gone an' done."

"Do you know 'ow many hairyoplanes we've got? Of course, you don't! You never did take an hintelligent hinterest in statistics. Well, we've only got 371, an' a lot of them is in Messopotamia an' such-like foreign parts, 'elplin' in collectin' taxes from niggers. I see by this 'ere paper that eight of our service squadrons is at Baghdad alone. I arks yer, wot would be th' blinkin' good of 'avin' eight squadrons at Baghdad if some country took it into its 'ead to attack England? . . . 'Oo's goin' to attack us, you arak. I dunno as 'ow anybody is, but you never can tell. It ud be jest as sensible to leave yer doors an' winders unlocked becous you

didn't know the name an' address of any bloke wot was goin' to rob yer 'ouse . . .

"'Ere, George, this is th' cove you wantor tork to," remarked Mr. James a few minutes later when a grave and potent signior took a vacant seat opposite the two.

George, who was studying the racing tips, favoured the newcomer with an uncomprehending stare.

"Now, George, take that there vacant 'To be let' look off yer dial," recommended Mr. James. "This 'ere is Sir Samuel Hoare, th' boss of th' Hair Ministry . . . George was jest sayin', Sir Sam, that 'ow it seemed to 'im it should be called th' 'Ot Hair Ministry . . . No, it wosn't me, Sir Sam, it wos George as said it . . . Shurrup, George, you know you did."

"I don't want to give no offence, Sir Sam, but I can't 'elp torkin' hairyoplain English, so ter speak. I must say as 'ow it seems to me that 371 hairyoplanes against France's 1,260 is more like an Hair Farce than an Hair Force, especially w'en I read in this 'ere paper that a 'ole lot of our hair orificers are dentists an' suchlike 'oo've never bin hup in th' hair in their lives. They keep their feet on th' ground while th' Hair Ministry keeps its 'ead in th' clouds."

" . . . Wot's that you say, Sir Sam? It wotn't take long to train th' men? I s'pose not. It don't take long to transform one of th' bulldog breed into a sky terrier; but th' point is: Will th' henemy oblige us by kindly postponin' attackin' us until we've done th' trainin'? Seems to me as 'ow manless hairyoplanes are abaht as much use as wireless clothes-lines."

"YES, I s'pose there's somethink in wot you say abaht th' need for economy, Sir Sam, but don't you think it would be cheaper to build a few more hairyoplanes than to rebuild Lunon Town? A course o' hair restorer treatment now might save a 'ole lot of bald spots on th' landscape later. You know th' ole sayin': 'Er stitch in time saves two in th' bush.' Jest at present it looks as if we could be bombed to blazes before we noo wot wos 'appenin'. George, I know, don't fancy the hidear of 'avin' things dropped on 'im from th' hair. Wot George says is that a bomb in th' 'and is worth two in th' neck, an' I agrees with 'im."

"We ain't no pessimists neither, but the Jerrys showed us 'ow real nasty it is to 'ave bombs blowin' our 'ouses to bits, 'specially when we're short of 'ouses."

" . . . 'Ere we are at Westminster. So you're gettin' out 'ere for th' 'ouse of Commons? Sorry if anythink George an' me 'as said 'as made yer fell sore, Sir Sam; but we reckoned it wos a fair thing to warn you that you're th' one that'll be 'eld responsible if a foreign country sends a few 'undred hairyoplanes an' skywaymen over 'ere an' places us Hoare de combat, as they says in gny Paree."

THE WEARY ROAD

Willing Workers Who Faint by the Wayside

NOW that the Easter holidays are over, and you have returned to your work refreshed and rejuvenated by a few days of relaxation from the responsibilities and worries of office or workshop, will you spare just a moment to consider what Easter has meant to many others less fortunate?

A week ago the newspapers were full of hints for the holidays. There were suggestions for the seaside and tips for Continental tourists, and some of the apostles of the Open Road sang the joys of tramping in a very high key.

ONE of these latter attracted our attention by the poem of praise of the delights of the English countryside, which had an especial appeal for us in view of the fact that we spent the greater part of Holy Week listening to the sorrows of some of those who have been compelled to tramp the weary road in search of employment.

Urging his readers to help to restore the antiquated belief in the two-leggedness of man, he exclaimed in a fine, careless rapture:—

"I shall go as far as I can from places where all thoughts centre upon the things men make, and minds may become too narrow to hold great wonders. I shall follow the sweep of the hills and find, on some vast lawn above the sea, while the wind is at play, a tune for Youth to march to. Then happiness, that storm of the soul, will swoop upon me, until my stick becomes a sword and every dog a dragon, and I am whelmed again in dreams of old battles."

"Out I shall go into the world, proud—arrogant, if you like—that all stumbling wretches may find still, in a world of drifting doubts and lost illusions, the great rock of changeless Truth: the Faith."

Brave words, which sing with the music of the wind! But listen to the deeper diapason of the Truth, the moan of anguished souls who tramp in vain and fall by the wayside.

A YORKSHIRE boiler-maker, an ex-service man without pension who had experienced a long struggle to support his wife and children, heard of work to be had in London. He set out to walk to the city that is supposed to be paved with gold, tramping all the way from Yorkshire with his wife and two little ones. When at last he reached London he found that the job was filled.

He came to us with his family. He could see nothing but to tramp back to Yorkshire. With luck he might get a job; without he would have to go to the workhouse. The wife was obviously near her confinement, and the children were sickly and footsore, their bleeding feet showing through their shoes.

We found boots and stockings for the little ones, and sufficient money to keep the family in food for a week or so. It would have brought tears to your eyes to see

the "happiness, that storm of the soul" in the parents' faces.

Another case was that of a lowly man; a swineherd, who had tramped all the way from Norfolk. He suffered from epilepsy, and had collapsed three times in one day while attempting to perform the task set him by the Poor Law Guardians as the price of his maintenance. His home had been broken up, and his wife had gone into domestic service.

Though it must have been apparent to anyone that the man was a wreck he asked for permission to leave the institution to seek work.

He knew of agents in London who sometimes knew of vacancies for agricultural labourers, and tramped here in the hope that someone would find him employment. Destitute, he appealed to the police for shelter, and they lodged him in a Church Army Institution. Desperate with hunger, he came to us, and we saw that he was fed.

THESE, then, are some of the joys of the Open Road. It is not easy to sing the pleasures of tramping when one knows of so many "stumbling wretches" on the weary road whose destiny is disappointment and disillusion.

If you have enjoyed your holiday, send us a thank offering so that we may uplift a few of these fainting souls.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

J. H., 4s.; "Medium Luck," 2s. 10s.; "Bullet Competitor," 1s.; E. W. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. H., 1s. 6d.; "Unlucky" (Edinburgh), 1s.; "Two Ninths, Lonsdale," 9d.; "Heavy Ninth," 1s.; "Reader" (Horringer), 2s. 6d.; "Jean," 1s.; N. S., 9d.; A. C., 7d.; "Dusty," 2s. 5d.; J. A., 1s.; "Ex-Transporter," 2s.; J. E. S., 1s.; "Pulleteer," 3d.; T. W., 4d.; "Taffy," 6d.; G. E. W., 1s.; Anon. (Toting), 2s. 6d.; J. W., 7d.; S. P. T. F., 1s. 7d.; "Best of Luck," 1s. 1d.; "Half a Sheet," 5d.; T. M., 1s. 1d.; "Windsor," 2s.; "Worcester Ninth," 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Rugby), 6d.; E. M. R., 1s. 6d.; "Rob. E., 1s. 1d.; "Pear," 2d.; W. C. M., 8d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Musicus," 3s. 1d.; W. A. B., 2s.; A. J., 2s. 6d.; C. H., 2s. 6d.; J. R., 8d.; "Da," 1s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; "Ozono," 2s.; F. G. C., 5d.; "Doubtful," 1s. 6d.; H. W., 2d.; "Spied," 6d.; "Brummagram Buttons," 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Horne Hill), 4d.; "Bonnyrigg," 1s. 1d.; "Nurse," 2d.; "Culworth," 8d.; M. E., 6d.; "Hospital Wife," 3d.; "Lucky Double," 1s.; "Not Mean Nor Unlucky," 10s.; "Erh," 6d.; M. E. D., 1s. 1d.; Mrs. R. W., 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Darwin," 3s. 4d.; Mrs. M. A. C., 2s. 6d.; D. S., 3s.; "Op-a Windows," 2s.; "Sailor's Wife," 5d.; M. T. R., 6d.; "Wink," 4s. 3d.; R. W., 1s.; "Old Age Pensioner," 6d.; "Small Ninth," 2d.; W. A. B., 8d.; "Tickle Barum," 1s. 6d.; "Tiddly," 2s.; W. J., 1s.; "Rockbottom," 5d.; "Worley Smile," 9d.; "Third Prize Winner," 6d.; "Rough Luck," 1s. 2d.; G. J., 7d.; S. I. C., 10s.; M. A. R., 1s. and parcel; "Bill Desprez," 8d.; R. H. F., 6d.; "Belfast Competitor," 3d.; J. G., 1s.; "Bulletproof," 1s. 1d.; "Aberdeen," 2s. 6d.; "Wigan Tram Conductor," 7d.; J. and M., 1s. 6d.; "Royal Sect," 2s.; "Acquaintance," 2s.; "Farm Loan," 1s.; Anon., 10d.; "Sub. Rep., 4d.; "Nearly Broken," 6d.; Anon., 1s.; J. and E. D., 1 dollar; L. D. C., 1s. 4d.; Anon., 1s. 7d.; Mrs. A. F., 1s.; E. O., 3s.; Anon. (Smethway), 8d.; "Manor Park," 8d.; S. H. (Lutonstone), 2s. 10s. 6d.; H. G. B., 2 dollars; J. O. A., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; V. E. F., 1s.; "Sympathetic," 2s.; G. H. W., 10s.; "Unlucky Paddy," 2s. 6d.; "Fair City," 4s. 6d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; "Newbury," 2s.; "Hospital," 6d.; "Yn Blain," 4d.; T. M., 1s.; "Winning" (Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"At least TWO-THIRDS of the Prizes are anonymous, while of the REMAINING TWO-THIRDS only 78 can be attributed to King David."

"SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY":—"They found Mrs. Hall to be as kind-hearted a woman as her husband."

"LEAMINGTON MORNING NEWS":—"The following motorists were summoned for NOT HAVING THE REAR IDENTIFICATION PLATES on their vehicles IMPROPERLY ILLUMINATED."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Cunning Carl fell back, to die a terrible death in the icy water, which was BOILING HOT FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE FIRE."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR" (advertisement):—"Lost, Black Retriever Dog, NAME AND ADDRESS ON COLLAR OF OWNER."

"STAR":—"Shoreditch is the most OVERCROWDED borough, with an average of 65 ROOMS PER PERSON."

"MAGNET":—"I say, you chaps, WHISPERED LARRY LARKINS, IN A LOUD VOICE."

"CHAMPION":—"The 'plane whooped aloft in the DENISE BLACKNESS of a MOONLIGHT NIGHT."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"The Sergeant was then IN FRONT, but Drifter was just slightly IN THE LEAD."

"NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE":—"He lay on his man in clinches and TOOK MORE THAN HE RECEIVED."

"FUNKY WONDER":—"Tears sprang into the EARS of the people at the mere thought of this pathetic picture."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

"MY father was a large mill-owner, but during the war, having really conscientious objections to fighting, I went abroad and remained in Switzerland until last year. Before I left England I was engaged to a girl who, after keeping me under the impression that her feelings had not changed, has now, on my return to England, utterly repudiated our engagement.

Weep for Him!

"I am 29, and she is three years younger. Surely a woman of her age should have known her own mind. My family have disowned me, my own brother cut me in the street the other day, and I find I have been turned out of my club.

"I've got a couple of thousand pounds a year and an interest under my mother's will which brings in another two thousand, but obviously this country, with its income-tax and its fickle women, is not what it was."

"Humanist" says: "I couldn't feel sorry for you if I tried for ten years. You are a shirker and I don't wonder that your girl did not want to marry so despicable a cad."

"IN 1914 I met a young girl of my own age. We became friendly, and our friendship eventually turned into love. About a year ago we became engaged and were to be married this summer. While in the Army I unfortunately acquired the habits of drinking and gambling, although in a very small way. Quite recently these habits so dominated me that I do not feel worthy of the honour of being her husband.

A Reformed Rake.

"She is very strict so far as these things are concerned, and I am afraid that if she finds out how things are she will end everything. On the other hand, I feel that, in fairness to her, I should tell her everything. I may say I have now given up the old life and am once more temperate."

"Humanist" says: "You seem to be making a mountain out of a molehill. Tell her by all means. If you have given up your bad habits, there is nothing to worry about, either on your part or on hers."

"A FEW years ago I committed an indiscretion. At the time I had an Army pal with me, who saw all there was to see. Shortly afterwards I came out of the Army. I had not told my wife of my one mistake. This pal, seeing that I was getting on fairly well, decided to use his knowledge of the affair against me, and threatened to expose me to my wife if I did not pay him certain sums of money.

Black-mailed by a "Pal."

"I would rather have died than that my wife should lose her faith in me, and consequently I paid him the first sum of money to keep him quiet. He came again and again, until at last I had to resort to a moneylender, in whose clutches I still am. This false friend has disappeared for the present, but I am always in fear of his turning up again."

"Humanist" says: "Your course is obvious. Tell your wife of the incident—it is much better to get these things off your chest. If the man reappears, take proceedings for blackmail."

"I AM a girl who has quite recently left school, and hail from Devonshire. My mother died a few months ago, leaving me, her only child, to the custody of my father, who is a drunkard and a coward."

The Cruel Father.

"Many times I have been a victim to his cruelty when he is intoxicated; for when he is like this he knocks me from one side of the room to the other and then kicks me. When I was three, I was taken to this great city, but the memory of my early home has always clung to me, and I long night and day to be rid of this misery and return there. I have an elderly aunt there, who has always had a great love for me, she having no children of her own."

"Must I be bound to my father until I am of age and bear all this misery and torture? Or should I seek refuge with my aunt?"

"Humanist" says: "From the legal point of view, of course, your father has custody of you until you are 21. I suggest that you report the circumstances to the local Inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

"WHEN I was twenty I met a young woman, and after three months' acquaintance I married her. To my bewilderment, I found that the girl was always complaining and making statements about people, and a fortnight after our marriage she violently quarrelled with me quite without cause. I did everything possible to please her, but still these quarrels continued."

An Insane Wife.

"After the baby was born she gave way to her temper at her mother's house, and a doctor called in had her placed in Colney Hatch."

"After a month there I had her removed, and for three months I watched and nursed her night and day. To do this I had to give up my work. At the end of that time her sanity was completely restored."

"Then one morning she packed her things and returned to London. That was the last straw."

"Now, owing to her father's death, she states that I can be compelled to live with her again."

"Humanist" says: "You probably made a very big mistake in getting her out of the asylum. Certainly do not have her back. You may have tragic trouble if you do. You should try to get a legal separation."

"I AM married to a man I've loved dearly and been faithful to in thought, word and deed, and until lately I thought baby and I meant everything to him. But now I find it is not so. He has never been a man to tell me of any of his doings, and although he has often stayed out until one or two in the morning, I have never questioned him."

The Other Woman.

"Now I am told that since last September he has been going to dances and whist drives, always in the company of another woman. I begged my husband for baby's sake to give her up, and be a man. He just laughs and says it is too late, and, to my horror, he confessed to me that he is the father of her unborn child."

"He doesn't ill-treat me, I know, but some men can be more cruel than those who beat their wives."

"I can't divorce him, as he is a Roman Catholic, there being no divorce in the Catholic Church."

"Humanist" says: "You can divorce him, whether he is Roman Catholic or not. If it is against your own conscience (and you are R.C.) see your priest, who will be only too willing to advise you."

"I WAS married in 1914, and unfortunately my husband was called to war two months afterwards. I am not going to excuse myself for what happened after he went away. God knows I bitterly repent, but, like many others, when it is too late. A child (a boy) was born to me in 1917, of which my husband is not the father, and at five weeks old was adopted by a lady who is bringing him up."

Her Banished Boy.

"I am not allowed to see him. When my husband came home in 1918, I confessed my mad folly, and he forgave me and we are now all in all to each other, and have a dear daughter of our own. But for my sin, I could be very happy."

"But I cannot forget my other poor baby, and am always yearning for him, and I cannot even mention him at home. Will you try and advise me what to do?"

"I am torn between love for my husband and an almost unbearable yearning for my boy. I could see him by going to the place and having just a peep at him, because the lady who has him has forbidden me to speak to him, but I want him altogether, and that would mean losing my husband."

"Humanist" says: "I think you had better make a clean breast of your feelings to your husband. He seems to be a very fine fellow, and I'm sure he would be reasonable. Your duty is to your husband and to your other child. The one for whom you crave seems happy and well-treated. Perhaps you are thinking more of your own emotions than his comfort."

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Sportsmen

MILE

CITY & SUBURBAN & NEWBURY CUP—CUP FINAL PLAYERS & PROSPECTS

THE NEWBURY CUP.

Come we now to the consideration of the City and Suburban, a race which has been won by good horses, and, in point of class, a little better than the Lincolnshire field producers, and to the Newbury Cup, which is also a good-class race, and one which offers our old friend Tons of Money a chance of making us all look foolish.

I will take the last first.

The Newbury Cup.

(One mile; April 14).

FRANKLIN (9.0) is a little past his best. I doubt whether he was ever much of a horse in spite of his successes.

PONDOLAND (8.5) is exceedingly well in, and this difficult mile is about his distance. Captain Fracasse at 7.10.

ROYAL ALARM (8.4).—The ideal course for this horse; Nottingham was too far for him.

EXPRESS DELIVERY (7.18).—On some form is well in. Ran badly in the Lincoln (legs heavily bandaged).

EREWEMOS (7.8).—A certain handicap winner. Is also in the City and the Jubilee. Allowing for normal improvement is Roman Bachelor at 8.11 (City and Suburban).

PORT ROYAL (7.4).—This course will suit Mr. Falcon's horse better than Lincoln, and though he has other engagements, he might start here and win. I do not think the opposition will be very strong, though Westmead should beat him again.

BLACKLAND (7.4).—Was expected and ran remarkably well at Lincoln. I have an idea that this course will be too stiff for Billy Higgs' horse.

ROCK FIRE (7.3).—A very useful performer, who may well be one of the best "handicappers" of the year.

From this list, I take
EREWEMOS
as my choice.

The City and Suburban.

In this race we naturally find a great many horses that figure in all the Spring Handicaps. The handicapping is very much the same, and the remarks applied to Franklin, Royal Alarm, Erehwemos, and Rock Fire, apply more or less to their chances in this race. There are, however, a few who are singly engaged.

RE-ECHO (8.8).—Remarkably well in. This horse was struck out of the Jubilee, but so far stands his ground here.

MONARCH (8.4).—May or may not. He's a little sour by all accounts, though last year he was a pretty gentle sort of animal. I am confident that this horse is handicapped to win, but I do not advise anybody to spend a penny on him until the day of the race.

CORVUS (7.12).—This fellow is pitchforked into the race. He was all wrong last year, but if they have got him back to something like his old form he would walk it.

I take RE-ECHO to represent me.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

"I get rich through punters who bet every day and haven't patience to wait," said a very well-known punter to me at Lincoln.

My City winner, to which I referred last week, is RE-ECHO.

What a sporting little course Hawthorn Hill is! Like all Pratt's meetings, it is perfectly organized.

There is usually a four-year-old in training who has a stone in hand for one of the Spring handicaps. Which will be the Silver Image of 1923?

EVERYBODY who is anybody in the football world is congratulating Sid King on West Ham's progress to the Cup Final. The manager of West Ham has been 21 years in his job and, of course, has seen the ups and downs which are the lot of all teams. But he emerges from his "majority" with a popularity that reaches all over the country. There is not a player on the West Ham books who cost anything to speak of, and London's finalists are one of the cheapest lots that ever got to the last stage, a tribute to Mr. King's knowledge of a player and where to get them cheaply. I hope West Ham win the Cup, and if they play half as well as they did in the semi-final they will. Being employed elsewhere, West Ham have not, of course, seen Bolton Wanderers play this season. I have, and I can assure the Londoners Bolton will not want much beating.

A. English Final.

It used to be a standing gibe that an English Cup Final was a contest between Scotsmen. Well, other people can kick a ball nowadays, and the only Scot who will be on view at Wembley a fortnight hence is J. R. Smith, the Bolton centre-forward. Three other finalists are Welshmen—Vizard, Jennings and Richards—which leaves England with the highly satisfactory representation of 18. There is a growing tendency to give up altogether the once popular attempt to blend the English and Scottish styles, and encouragement is forthcoming in the fact that most of the best sides of the season are wholly English, or nearly so. West Ham are a typical home-bred lot, who go direct for the goal and who do not waste any time about it.

What We Said.

The proposed revision in the offside rule, which is to go before the annual general meeting of the Football Association,

change, and all the players I have spoken to on the matter agree that it will tend to make combined play more difficult than ever. Further, full-backs will necessarily be "anchored" near their own goal.

This is Wanted.

A second proposal, however, will be generally welcomed. A free-kick near goal as it is taken at present is rendered futile by positional tactics. If the rule is changed the kick will become a sort of long-range penalty, and will afford some interesting duels between the actual kicker and the goalkeeper. Many players can fire in a fast ball from 80 yards or so, and I should say we shall see the kick successful about once in four. Any way, it must necessarily have the effect of restraining foul play just outside the penalty area, a risk which hitherto has been taken with impunity.

Lower Wages.

Readers of these columns will not be surprised at the suggested reduction in the retaining wage of players. Last season it was £8 a week, this season it is £5, and next it will probably be a pound less. The effect of this will be a saving to clubs of from £25 to £50 a week, a sum which is insignificant to many, but important to others, whose existence is merely hand to mouth. Whether the pros. will take this lying down remains to be seen. When the last reduction was made there was talk of a strike, but there is not much militancy about nowadays.

A Final Stan.

The daintiest player in the Cup Final will be David Jack, Bolton's inside-right, the man whose goals have taken the Lancashire Club to the last stage.

The son of the old Bolton outside-left and now manager of Plymouth Argyle,

Jack learned his game watching his dad, from whom he picked up a lot of his undoubted skill. Jack has overcome the handicap of a slight physique by a perfect control of the ball, and a lot of good judges would put him in the English eleven.

He is seldom up with the others of the line, but this is all a part of a set plan. His scoring record shows he is at the right spot at the right time.

When David is in his happiest mood there is no more expert and cunning player living. He has the touch of an artist, is a sinuous dribbler, and can beat the best of defenders by a remarkable swerve while seldom losing the ball. Like others of his stamp, he is not blessed with consistency, but if it is one of his days out when he gets to Wembley the great crowd is going to have its money's worth.



David Jack.



V. Watson.

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J. Smith.

tion for acceptance or rejection, was forwarded in JOHN BULL many weeks ago. The effect of this is to give the players on an average-sized ground about another twenty yards in which to operate, with the impossibility of being offside. The Scottish ruling body has been urging this for some time, and if the F.A. sends it on to the International Board it is certain to be passed. I gather, however, there will be no little opposition to any

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**NEWS
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WORLD**

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WORDS AND MUSIC
Appear in
APRIL 8TH ISSUE.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

The "Art" Silk Ramp.

Your paragraph about the jumper knitting dodge apparently misses one of the points (appropriate word) of the ramp. The words "Art Silk" do not, as many people think, mean real silk in art shades, but are an abbreviation of artificial silk and a small full stop usually follows the word "Art." Even reputable firms advertise the material in this way instead of honestly calling it artificial silk, and in my opinion it is selling very near the wind, if not deliberately misleading.—S. A., Wiltshire.

Death-traps for Children.

Celluloid manufacturers ought to be prevented from making death-traps for our children, in the shape of windmills, rattles, etc. These toys are undoubtedly pretty, and unthinking aunts and uncles, parents and grandparents take a delight in giving these gaudy coloured articles to young children. Knowing the fondness for touching the fire, which is a trait in most children, a little reflection before buying would undoubtedly save many young lives, and help to bring the manufacturers (who are mostly foreigners) to their senses.—S. H. Ford, 4, West Bond Street, Leicester.

Deliberate Destruction.

I was working a goods train from Camden to Victoria Docks Goods Yard the other day, and while in the yard I noticed a man wheeling from a destructor barrow loads of burnt tins and smouldering cases. I asked him what he was doing and what the contents of the tins were. He replied that he was merely burning tins of tobacco, because the duty had not been paid. Don't you think this sort of thing should be put a stop to?—George Bowles, 70, Elmhurst Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

Bullies in the Schools.

I have observed in my association with schools that of many of the thousands of school-boys who go to school to-day, hundreds of them go in fear of what is going to happen to them next. Badly equipped by nature, they are bullied by the larger boys who have not got much brain, but are gifted with strength. They delight in torturing their helpless and less fortunate comrades. Do not teachers ever give a thought to their pupils; do they not notice the black eyes, the swollen features and the dread looks of some of the younger members of their classes? I don't think so. If they did they would have stopped the bullying at our schools.—P. de S., London, N.

A Divorced Woman's Name.

It appears to be the universal custom when a divorce has been obtained for a woman to retain her former husband's name, also the prefix "Mrs." This surely is absurd. Her husband not being dead, she is not a widow, and her marriage having been dissolved, she is not married. The position is rendered doubly absurd if the man marries again. A titled man was divorced last year and recently married again. As his former wife retains his name and title, a position Gilbertian in its absurdity has arisen inasmuch as one reads frequent reports of the doings of two contemporary Duchesses of X—! I also see that a certain film star is still advertised with her former husband's name tacked on to her own. If the man is the injured party it seems to me grossly unfair to him.—Betty Clarke, 18, Duke Street, Clapham.

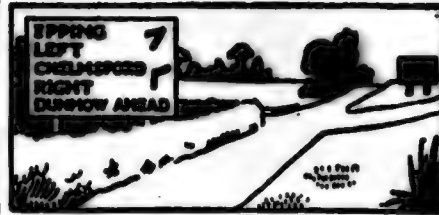
Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Out-patients Indeed!

At quite a number of London hospitals, out-patients justify their name by having to wait patiently outside the building until the doors open. In fine weather this does not matter to any extent, but when an east wind is blowing or a cold rain falling, many patients enter the building at length in a worse state than when they arrived. The hospital people say that they must have some fixed time for opening. Quite right, but surely when a crowd has assembled on a really vile day, some exception to the rule might be made without any serious consequences. It is just a question of a little consideration and tact.—P. Barry, 31, Regent Square, W.C.1.

The Up-to-date Signpost.

Is it not time we reformed our system of road signposts? At present we usually have a single post, with finger-boards pointing in different directions, with the names in small type. If you are motor-ing you have to stop and look round a corner to read them. Why not have, at all cross-roads, big signs legible as



you approach—giving, at one glance, all the information required. It would not cost more in the long run; it would save time, and avoid hesitation and confusion in traffic, at the very place where hesitation and confusion are most dangerous—that is, at the cross-roads.—James Smythe, Salford.

Alcohol for Adolescents.

Most people will agree with Mr. Arnold Bennett's views on the beer ban for youths under eighteen, but like many other proposals, the subject must be considered in other connections. The legal age for marriage in this country is 14 years for men and 12 years for women. If, say, at 16, a common age for marriage, persons may take on the responsibilities of a household and parenthood it seems absurd to say they are not fit to enter a public-house and be served with alcoholic refreshments. When a man and his wife are debarred from an hotel by reason of the age limit we shall be getting near that phase described as a "reductio ad absurdum."—A. Shaw, York Road, Bromsgrove, Worcester.

Plight of the Pit Ponies.

I have been an underground haulier for 16 years, and I can honestly tell you that the treatment meted out to some pit ponies is nothing less than barbarous. If a man was seen with one of them on the road earning his living he would be charged for working an animal in an unfit state. But when he works the horse in the mine he is out of sight. Our M.P.s are talking about passing an Act to stop cruelty to our pets on the stage. They should also turn their attention to our pets in the mines.—David Philpott, 1, Edmundstown, Nr. Penygraig, Rhondda.

Who are the Workers?

May I point out that Labour loses many votes and much sympathy by its attitude in considering the Labour Party, and not the labouring classes as "God's elect." From Royalty down to the humble crossing-sweeper (the King is one of the busiest of men) all are workers, and should be included in every scheme for betterment. When the Labour Party realises this, and puts forward less sordid reasons (viz., gain) for their proposals then will their prestige be heightened.—Rev G. Valentine, 319, Lower Road, Deptford, S.E.

The Grand National Jumps.

The odiously cruel jumps of the Grand National ought to be removed. They are not legitimate jumps! The stiffest jumps of Ireland are child's play to these, and why should beautiful intelligent, but dumb and defenceless, animals be asked by so-called sportsmen to do almost the impossible. I am assured that "Music Hall" is only just out of the slings. It is this cruel strain on highly bred horses that helps to swell the Belgian horse traffic. Anyone who has seen a load of these dear broken horses arrive at Antwerp must blush for England.—N. E. Price, 2, Morland Road, E. Croydon.

Dislocating Dogs' Necks.

How would a human being like it, if, whenever he stepped forward to greet a friend in the street, he had his neck nearly dislocated by a sudden and savage wrench at his collar? This is the unhappy lot of many dogs cursed with thoughtless owners. I have known puppies' throats permanently deformed by straining at their collars. Body harness, in place of collars, should be used by all humane dog-owners.—Frank Merchant, 11, Beaumont Road, West Kensington, W.14.

To Make Men Honest.

The definite hostility and cold indifference many discharged men and women display to a straight, clean life, together with their readiness to return to criminal methods for an existence, is proof that our English system of administering punishment is wrong and needs to be reformed on humane lines. We shall never stamp out criminal instincts by attempting our cures on the lines of the churches that seek to make men and women Christians by holding before them the threats of the fires of Hell. Punishment, when it is no more than punishment, cannot be defended. It can be justified when its aim is reformation.—C. B. E., Manchester.

The Untrained Magistrate.

Perhaps few questions, pertaining to the administration of the law in this country, call more clamantly for reform than the employment of untrained and unpaid magistrates to deal out justice. Let us take the Scottish police court system. Here, the presiding magistrate—usually a local tradesman—has the assistance of a salaried and qualified solicitor, who advises him on questions of law and who—it is presumed—is the real judge. Now, if accused persons were being tried by this trained official, without any interference from his unlearned colleague, they would certainly have a greater sense of security. Wherein then lies the necessity for the presence on the Bench of the unpaid judge? Intelligent people would like to know.—H. A. J., Ainsfield Street, Glasgow.

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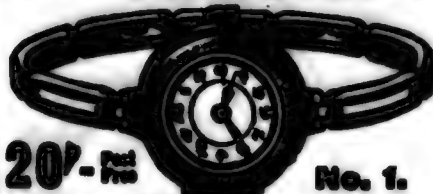
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J. B. L. (London, S.W.).—"Is Ford in England?" We think so. We saw his car outside our house the other day.

IVY L. (Buxton).—"Men get on without good looks." But few girls get off.

JEAN (Aberdeen).—"My boy is now 23." Put him into trousers and call him a man.

POULTRY (Bromley).—"What is the origin of the expression 'good egg'?" It is a pre-war term.

JOHNNY (London, N.).—"I said to the magistrate 'Good morning, how are you?' And what did he say—"Fine—Ta. ed."?"

CURLY (Hoxton).—"We must hold down Mesopotamia." A couple of ten-inch nails would be less expensive.

COOK. (Wells).—"Are church bells desirable?" It depends on how late you sleep on Sunday morning.

WASHER (Malvern).—"I have a good many offers to go to the Sahara." Don't let us stand in your way.

T. S. (Leicester).—"My great aunt was related to the great Duke of Wellington, who had a great liking for her." Great.

MOTHER (Workshop).—"A girl nowadays spends more on undies than we spend on dress." And has less to show for it.

O. L. (Leeds).—"Humanist fulfils a long-felt blessing." We know what you mean, but you don't know how to say it.

PURKER (Southampton).—"Ocean passengers are like sheep." And like sheep they are fleeced by their rapacious fellow-passengers.

LABOUR (Bath).—"This constituency is heart-breaking for a Labour candidate." But Motherwell is positively painful for a crushed Tory.

CHESTER RACES (Chester).—"There is a certain man here who is always going to stop racing." Speak to him severely for us.

INOGENE (Cornwall).—"Maybe I will be lucky in love." On the other hand, people who back losers frequently appear in the divorce court.

LEN (Walsworth).—"Can a man do needlework and be called manly?" Yes, sir. We know a tailor with a punch like the kick of a mule.

HERBERT G. (Bolton).—"It seems to me that JOHN BULL is improving." Things are as they seem, Bert. Have you just got out of bed?

MARY (Glasgow).—"I am seventeen—can I win a Bullets prize?" You certainly should have the young idea—that's what the adjudicators are looking for.

CURATE (Staffordshire).—"One of my friends takes JOHN BULL." Only one? Get more friends.

O. (St. Ives).—"I have made a resolution never to speak to a woman." We are impressed.

PROTESTANT (Rugby).—"I protest against the King calling on the Pope." Be reasonable, Prot.

ECHO (Cheddar).—"Have you ever seen our caves?" Yes; and we have tried your cheese.

BON ACCORD (Derby).—"The little things that make married life happy are so very small." But they grow up.

BREKRY (Kendal).—"Does wearing spectacles indicate superior intellectual power?" No; merely inferior eyesight.

ANNABEL (Lowestoft).—"What is thieves' slang for forged notes?" "Slush." A Bank of Engraving note is a "cockle."

LOVER OF FRANCE (New Cross).—"What is the motto of the French?" Every day and in every way we're getting Ruhr and Ruhr.

RAINCOAT (Peterboro).—"I dreamt that White Bud would win." We've won our bet. We knew we should get a dreamer before the week was out.

CHEERION (Hull).—"The world will last 25,000,000 years." Phew! We breathe again. We thought it was only 23 millions.

WER MON (Melton Mowbray).—"When will the Prince get married and to whom?" We are writing you in confidence, but don't tell anybody.

TEN ACE (London).—"I wrote to you in 1920 (Aug. 7). Did you get my letter?" We have sent strong search parties and will broadcast the result.

G. McG. (Glasgow).—"I want to take up some absorbing but inexpensive hobby." It was surely unnecessary to labour the latter point?

ARTHUR (London, W. 1).—"Exactly how did — get his knighthood?" We don't know whether he paid cash or whether they accepted his cheque. It was one or the other.

INVENTOR (Coventry).—"The enclosed will be of interest to your readers." As the "enclosed" consists of a 60,000 word specification, we doubt it. Send stamps for return.

KAY BEE (Yarmouth).—"Oh bright was the morn, when my little boy was born, and oh how happy I am that he's as quiet as a lamb." We're sorry. If he was more troublesome you wouldn't find time to write poetry.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

GREENSTUFF (Portsmouth).—"I have a little trouble with my landlord." Who hasn't?

GARDENER (Nuncaton).—"Do you know anything about the habits of slugs?" Only that they die very quickly after meeting us.

QUIETUDE (Runcorn).—"The Government have not so far accomplished anything very much." No Government ever does.

P. K. (Elstree).—"Do you think American will ever become a distinct language?" We hope so; as at present spoken, it is often very indistinct.

CELIBATE (Dunoon).—"What are the most desirable qualities one should look for in a wife?" It depends entirely upon the type of man who is looking.

SAFETY FIRST (Colne).—"Country roads are more unsafe than ever for cyclists nowadays." But city roads are surely the most unsafe?

W. S. (Oldham).—"Do you know of a case of a man losing one of his senses through excitement?" We've known men lose 'em all, temporarily.

SYMPATHISER (Ealing).—"Don't you think policemen should be dressed in straw hats in summer time?" Well, they're a fine body of men, but . . .

FIFTEEN (Hampstead).—"How can I tell if my sweetheart really loves me?" When you're old enough to have a sweetheart, you won't ask such foolish questions.

E. F. (Teddington).—"Why shouldn't men wear low necks and abbreviated trousers?" No reason why they shouldn't, but powerful reasons why they won't.

T. A. N. (West Bromwich).—"Has a mother-in-law any claim on the estate of a man who dies intestate?" No—not even if she happened to be the man's mother-in-law.

DISPUTANT (Richmond).—"What is the plural of teaspoonful?" Pedantically, "teaspoonfuls." But "teaspoonfuls" is almost correct by virtue of its universal usage.

VERITAS (Chorley).—"The great failing with almost everyone is lack of honesty." Most people's great failing is that they spot others' failings but rarely their virtues.

RED FLAG (Motherwell).—"What objection can anyone have to the Soviet Government of Russia?" Scores. One is their barbarous habit of murdering people who disagree with them.

CHAR. B. (Newport).—"Do you think we shall ever reach the stage when there is nothing else to be discovered?" No. We shall never, for example, know just what our correspondents are going to ask next.

SIGHTSEEING (Paddington).—"Would you mind outlining a tour of London, lasting a week, for two visitors from the Highlands?" Sorry, but space prohibits. However, don't omit to visit the "Tour" of London.

SAL (Monmouth).—"My father has no liking for kinemas." Buy him a wireless set.

LITTLE OWI. (Crewe).—"How difficult it is to understand men!" But oh, how profitable!

LESS WORK (Doncaster).—"Farmers should be sympathised with." They are—by themselves.

TOMMY (Barnstaple).—"My wife has many peculiar fancies." Of which, we trust, you are the first.

MRS. S. (Poole).—"Do you know anything about curiosities?" Madam, we get letters from them every week.

PRECAUTIONARY (Sheffield).—"What is the best way to avoid suffering with rheumatism?" Don't get it.

W. E. M. (Newminster).—"Can I reduce my weight by diet and exercise?" If you can't, there is no other way.

LITTLE MOTHER (London, S.E.).—"Men do not want sensible girls." "Sensible" is usually an euphemism for "plain."

UP WE GO (Redcar).—"Trade is reviving; the old country strikes out on a new era of prosperity." Yes—if strikes are really out.

X. (Maldstone).—"I often feel I should like to murder my mother-in-law." Try some less drastic method, such as buying her a rabbit.

CLERK (Manchester).—"I do not believe in looking for work." Which is exactly why, at your advanced age, you are still a clerk.

CHURCHMAN (Grimsby).—"Why can't people leave the church alone?" We thought that was the trouble—they left it too much alone.

MAN HATER (Shepherd's Bush).—"Men are all very distasteful to me." That touch of spring in the air hasn't blown your way yet, evidently.

AGATHA (Wood Green).—"I am going to see the Derby this year. Would you tell me the winner?" Aggie, we would, did we but know it.

MRS. H. (Stratford).—"I have a pair of priceless old vases. Can you tell me their value?" What a perfectly priceless question to ask!

NELSON'S COLUMN (Pontefract).—"Where are the great heroes of the past, the Nelsons, the Pitts, the Rodneys?" Dead. And Queen Anne.

AMBITIOUS (Poole).—"What do you need to get work as a theatrical manager?" A dress suit, a shiny white shirt, and a supply of pre-war whisky for the press.

P. T. (Peterborough).—"Now and again I see a spark of humour in your paper." Shows you have your lucid moments.

W. P. (Luton).—"Are any other of the planets inhabited?" No one can say with certainty, although there are lots of rumours afloat.

A. G. H. (Littlehampton).—"The present price of milk is a crying shame." Too dear even to dilute our beer with.

W. L. (York).—"I think Douglas Fairbanks is a dream." He isn't. We've shaken hands with him.

T. M. (Southampton).—"I hear that you are shortly going to publish your Biology." It is really news to us, but with anatomical diagrams such a book should sell like hot pies.

L. F. (Newcastle).—"What is the correct pronunciation of Lord Riddell's name?" It rhymes with fiddle and other words of that ilk.

BOWRON (Bolton).—"Ah'm cooming oop for th' Coop." Hope it doesn't make your pocket sag.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Enormous success! Get yours to-day
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil
FREE!

SEE PAGE 2.

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

NEW Lids to Wash, Wary, Nervous, Filled
 Tension, Throat Glands, restlessness, youth, energy,
 vitality, nerve force, never fail. No drugs.
 Free trial 2/6. **Private, Ltd., 57, St. Albans**
RHEUMATISM—"HERVEA" LBAF. Very
 good for Rheumatism. Made into a lozenge
 like ordinary "tea." Trial supply free, and
 stamp if you mention paper. Hundreds of
 testimonials.—H. R. Lee, Colonial Importer,
 22, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.
"STRAIGHT" Talk to Steamers.—An in-
 structive little booklet of 20 pages, sent free.
 —W. Lee Wareing, Anchorholme, Blackpool.
WHY SUFFER FROM BAD FEET?—"Beli's"
 Foot Salve "cures" tired, tender, burning,
 itching feet, hard skin, bunions, etc. 1/- large
 tin, post free. **BELI'S FOOT SALVE** (Dept.
 J.B.), 47, The Grove, Hammermith, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Hints and
 how to use them. 2d. Sent for one. **Trinwell,**
 The Hertford Richmond Road, Cardiff.
TOBACCO.—Grow it yourself. Real leaf and
 quantity limited. Pkt., 5/3, three 5/6.
 "Shipper," 68, Prospect Cres., Whiston,
 Wirral, Merseyside.
DON'T waste hours and hours mending tears
 with stitches—use "Mend-a-Tear," which is
 wonderfully quick and much easier. Send
 2d. stamp for free sample, and get more time
 for enjoyment.—**Lancaster Rubber Co., Ltd., 28,**
Granby Mills, Leicester.



**PERFECT - FITTING
 LOUNGE SUIT
 ON EASY TERMS** from
 65/- to measure. Sup-
 plied on first payment of
 5/-, balance 5/- monthly.
 The finest suit values
 ever offered, in all the
 latest cloths and colour-
 ings—Serges, Worsteads,
 Cashmeres, Tweeds, etc.
 Cut, made and finished
 by master-craftsmen.
 Call at any of our estab-
 lishments for free
 patterns and style
 booklet, or write and
 they will be sent free
 together with our simple
 self-measurement form.

BENSONS

28, CHANCERY LANE, E.C. (corner of Queen Street);
 118, FINSBURY STREET, E.C. (opp. Road Lane);
 11, REGENT ST. W. (near Gaiety Theatre);
 27, 29, W. 1. (near Marble Arch);
 21, NEW BOND ST. W. (near to Station);
 24, GERRARD ST. W. (near to St. Paul's);
 71, 73, 75, ARDEN ST., GLOUCESTER. —**Benson & Co., Ltd.**

TECLA PEARLS

THERE is only one Shop
 in London where you can
 buy genuine Tecla Pearls.

Tecla

7, Old Bond Street, W.1.

WHEN FEET ACHE—ONE DIP
IN THIS OXYGENATED WATER
THAT'S ALL YOU NEED

Oxygen is Nature's own refreshing, soothing cooling, and healing agent,
 says Doctor. Easy to mediate and add oxygen to water at home by
 dissolving in it a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates which any chemist
 can supply at little cost. Softens corns and callouses, too.

Miss Phyllis Monkman's remarkable endorsement of the
 wonderful soothing and healing effects of Oxygenated
 Water. Explains why good dancers never have bad feet.

Without oxygen, even life itself could not exist, and the science of medicine
 has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic
 properties. When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell and perspire,
 or when the arches tire and ache so every step means
 such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the
 feet for a few minutes in the medicated and oxygenated
 water produced by adding a handful of the Reudel Bath
 Saltrates compound to a foot bath. See how quickly
 this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all
 the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive
 joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratify-
 ing that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects
 until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered
 so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing
 any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon
 them.

Miss Phyllis Monkman, the popular Musical Comedy
 Actress and talented Dancer, writes:—"Reudel Bath
 Saltrates is wonderful for tired, tender aching feet or any other foot troubles.
 The oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous spas."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates is the registered name of the above-mentioned
 compound, and all chemists keep it put up in packets of convenient sizes, which sell at
 very moderate prices.



BIGGEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

Fifty per cent. better, but not a penny higher
 in price—that's the 1923 SARTOR RAIN-
 COAT. Many improvements have been
 effected in the new model—improvements
 that are the outcome of many years' practical
 experience. To-day, the

SARTOR
20/- RAINCOAT

is the finest value on the Market.

Direct from the workroom by post to you at 20/-
 carriage paid in British Isles. No middle man—no
 unnecessary sales costs. You gain by securing a splen-
 did Coat at a nominal price.

SEND NO MONEY—Just a postcard for Style Book
 (Ladies', Gents', Maids', and
 Youths'). FREE PATTERNS, and self-measurement
 form.
 We guarantee every SARTOR Raincoat, and if
 you are not completely satisfied with your purchase
 we return your money in full. WRITE
 US TO-DAY.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
 Dept. J. B., OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

A DOCTOR
WHILE YOU WAIT

Cures your ills and
 sends no bills.

Hood's "A. B. C. Home Doctor" is
 published by the Proprietors of Hood's
 Medicine. It is a well-printed book,
 produced at great expense, crammed
 full in all its 160 pages with useful in-
 formation and helpful hints on Health
 and Disease and How to Keep Fit. In
 simple language it shows how to recog-
 nize and treat diseases of all kinds with
 Herbs, Roots and Bark, and other
 natural remedies. For a limited period
 only this book will be sent to any
 JOHN BULL reader FREE.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Hood's Medicine is perhaps the most
 successful blood maker and blood
 purifier and all-round constitutional
 remedy known to science. It is not a
 cure-all, but it cures Eczema with its
 terrible irritation, Abscesses, Ulcers,
 Boils, Bad Legs, with those agonising
 inflamed varicose wounds with skin all
 purple and black, aches and pains of
 Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and
 Neuritis, Indigestion and other troubles
 of the Blood, Stomach, Liver and
 Kidneys, because of its two-fold power
 of cleansing and nourishing the blood
 at one time.

Hood's Medicine has cured thousands,
 where doctors, hospitals and specialists
 have failed; when ointments, salves and
 lotions and even blood mixtures have
 been tried in vain.

So confident are the proprietors of
 Hood's Medicine of successful results,
 that they offer to readers of JOHN BULL
 a course of treatment under an absolute
 guarantee of

NO CURE—NO PAY.

There is no overloading with un-
 necessary quantity, no impossible con-
 dition, no catch, excuse or quibble of
 any kind. You will either be completely
 cured by Hood's Medicine, or you will
 have your money refunded. Our repu-
 tation of nearly 50 years' trading and
 over 40,000 grateful letters, received in 2
 years, supports this understanding.

Send 3d. to cover cost of postage to
 C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd. (J.B. 29),
 Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London,
 E.C., who will forward a FREE copy of
 Hood's "A. B. C. Home Doctor," to-
 gether with conditions of guarantee.

THE CITY LIFE
Assurance Company Ltd.

Assets Exceed	\$1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	\$250,000
Claims Paid Exceed	\$1,000,000
Advances Made Exceed	\$2,250,000

HEAD OFFICE:
 CITY LIFE HOUSE, 64 Jewry, London, E.C.3

Black Cat
VIRGINIA
CIGARETTES 10/6 or 6d

This is only ONE of 200
 LUCKY FREE GIFTS
 for BLACK CAT SMOKERS

Smoke "Black Cat" cigarettes with a double purpose; firstly
 because they are the finest value in the world—a value that
 has remained unchallenged for over twenty years—and secondly
 because by saving the lucky free gift coupons contained in each
 packet you can have your choice of over 200 lucky
 free gifts, including the solid brass cigarette
 lighter illustrated here. Cut out the free gift
 coupon and post to-day.

THIS
SPLENDID
LIGHTER

In solid brass. Vest pocket size.

FREE for
 45 COUPONS.

Post this Coupon NOW.

In an open envelope with a half-
 penny stamp affixed, and catalogue
 of gifts, with five 2s. coupons, will
 come by return.

Name

Address

BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
 (DEPT. 2)
 232, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1

P.F.

Outdoor Dogs

Fine weather brings outdoor rambles and a bigger appetite for your dog. You can satisfy the biggest appetite with Spratt's Dog Cakes. These big, wholesome biscuits are made of finest wheat-meals and stamina-building beef. They are sold in white-cotton bags ... 1/3 - 3 lbs.

Owing to a printer's error the price was given incorrectly in last week's issue.



SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Hair Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients.

The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending sixpence stamps or P.O. for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Verey Street (53 A.F.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

12's Monthly

to all you say for our No. 1000-1 and "Merry" - the best ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Irresistibly priced, richly equipped, fitted in colour. Sent packed free. Services paid on.

15 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Fully guaranteed. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargain in money called month. Try and appreciate the P.O. below shop price. Write TO DAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.

£5.15 CASH

MEAN

Cycle Company (Ltd.), Dept. B. 2071, Birmingham.

Eczema & Rashes

Irritation Madding, but Cured Completely by Germolene.

Mrs. Hutson, 141, Ashford Road, Eastbourne, says:—"I suffered from eczema on both legs, from the knees to the ankles, and the irritation was maddening. Scratching only made it spread. All treatment failed and I had suffered 18 months when I got Germolene. It was wonderfully cooling and soothing. Soon there was improvement. I took Germolene, too, and now I am quite cured and well."

FOUR MEDALS AWARDED.

Price 1/3 and 2/6. Of all Chemists

Germolene



VENEREAL DISEASES.

HOW ARE THEY CAUGHT?

Venereal Diseases are due to germs. It is wrong, therefore, to suppose that they can only be caught from "Professionals." It has nothing to do with the payment of money. Anyone who is infected can infect anyone else. The infected are often ignorant that they can pass their disease on to others and show no signs by which those others can detect them. A husband who has the germ can unknowingly infect his wife, and vice versa.

Therefore anyone who notices suspicious symptoms should never say, "Oh, it is impossible that I have caught it; she was quite all right," but should go to a doctor or clinic at once.

Those who are in doubt or difficulty may write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, where free information can be obtained in strict confidence.

WE SEND YOU THE
COSTUME 12'
FOR ... 12'

SPECIAL OFFER. Smart Spring Costume in ALL-WOOL, NEW'S WEIGHT SUITING SERGE. It is cut on slender lines, comes mounted with silk cable stitching. Finished off with hand embroidery. The belt is a snap with an anti-metal buckle. The skirt is well balanced and of comfortable walking with a "crisp" hem - tailored model, cut to your measurements. It is moderately priced at 12/11, payable in five monthly instalments.

When ordering, state length, bust and sleeve length.

Write for our patterns and booklet, "How to Measure," to Leach & Hardy, 102a Dean Street, London, W.1, enclosing 10/- in cash.

All goods sent on receipt of first payment; satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All our garments are made to measure.

Leach & Hardy
(Dept J.B.), 102a St., MANCHESTER.



THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

No. 9—LYONS

ANY man who can find out what the Public wants, and give it them, has planted his feet firmly on the high-road to Fortune: for though the British Public may, on occasions, be, like the Law, a "ass," it is not slow to appreciate the man who is clever enough to interpret its often vaguely felt desires and satisfy them. And because the late Montague Gluckstein realised that one of the things the Public wanted was the best tea and bread and butter sold at reasonable prices, a little tea-shop in Newcastle has grown into the world's greatest catering service, employing 22,000 people.

Because to an idea was joined an ideal there has come into existence the great firm of J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., which has evolved the Tenshops, the Corner Houses, the Maisons Lyons, and the Trocadero, and the ramifications of whose service extend into every corner of the United Kingdom. To the idea of an efficient catering service was added the ideal of bettering each idea by one better still; of not merely meeting the desire of the Public but of getting in front of the Public and presenting them with something better than they themselves had thought of.

"The idea will never catch up to the ideal," said the late Montague Gluckstein on one occasion. "For that would mean stagnation." And the ever-increasing growth of this colossal business is proof that the ideal is still well ahead of the idea.

THE Newcastle venture was succeeded by a more ambitious attempt at Glasgow—and it was an immediate business and social triumph. Flushed with success the firm went to Paris and opened the "Franco-English Cafe and Restaurant." It was not altogether a success, but it was valuable experience, and an analysis of the reasons for the failure, for the firm has always been its own most merciless critics, led them to attempt the huge task of catering for London.

The first Barnum and Bailey show at Olympia was the starting-point, and although after a time Bailey shut down the show, Lyons have held the contract for Olympia ever since. It is a far cry from that first modest beginning to the day in 1921, when 7,000 people sat down to lunch in Olympia on the occasion of the Daily Mail 25th Birthday Luncheon.

THE Trocadero, once a music-hall and now one of the famous restaurants of the world, had its beginnings in romance.

Unusual difficulties attended its building, new capital was called for—and produced by the founders of the firm, until at length there arose an establishment well-nigh unique; for it successfully catered for the most fastidious epicure and the plain, blunt man at one and the same time.

To say that the Trocadero was an immediate success is to understate the facts. It became in an instant the very centre of dining London. Its space was at a premium. Its tables were booked days and often weeks ahead. It became at a stroke the model of perfect efficiency wherever functions and festivals were planned. It was not so much an achievement as a miracle.

SCARCELY less romantic was the idea of the Popular Cafe, an unqualified success from the first, for it welded on to the luxury and comfort of a West End Restaurant a cheapness that only Soho had hitherto achieved. It was a complete innovation, and the very boldness of the conception ensured its success.

The chairman of the company Mr. Alfred Salmona, gives little indication at first glance of the forces that lie behind this vast concern. Short and slightly built, his hair tinged with grey, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he is a figure to whom one would hardly give a second glance. He is almost insignificant to look at—until one looks more closely. Then one gets a closer insight into his personality. One notices that he is never still; he is always, as it were, on the jump. And the realisation dawns that he is not so much a man as a human dynamo, full of terrible energy, absolutely tireless, a man to whom there is no such thing as an *impassé* but merely a difficulty to be overcome.

BUT the truth is, perhaps, that Lyons is essentially a firm without a personality. It is true that there is a big board of directors, but they each and every one work as hard as the humblest member of the staff. For every director has to go through the same steps of training before he reaches the Board—and the training begins with the washing and polishing of dishes at the Trocadero! And from that initial step the future director has to work his way steadily up through every subordinate position until at length, having become manager of one of the company's restaurants, he is at last considered fit to take his seat on the Board.

There is, perhaps, no bigger romance than this in the history of the firm. It is no wonder that efficiency and Lyons are synonymous terms!

THE PRACTICAL TEST

Our Registered Readers are Satisfied

AN ounce of foresight is worth a ton of regret. It is always easy to be wise after the event. But the really wise man looks ahead and prepares for the future. You can safeguard your future and the future of your home with a minimum of trouble and at no cost to yourself by signing and posting the forms on page 2 of cover.

It is worth while pointing out once more the vitally important fact that distinguishes the JOHN BULL Scheme from every other Free Newspaper Insurance Scheme in existence. For it is just this that makes the JOHN BULL Scheme worth while.

The daily paper hands over its readers' claims to be dealt with by the cumbersome machinery of an Insurance Company, to be treated on a legal basis by assessors and investigators whose duty it is to find technicalities by which liability can be evaded.

JOHN BULL is not an Insurance Company. JOHN BULL has no connection with any Insurance Company whatever. We are not compelled to comply with the rules and regulations of rusty legal machinery. We avoid entirely the quibbles and technicalities that irritate and dismay thousands who try to obtain benefit from other Free Insurance Schemes.

JOHN BULL considers its cases with a personal sympathy extended to each individual, pays without quibbles and pays promptly.

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

APRIL 7, 1923.

The Road to Success.

MR. A. J. BULL, of 28, Scarle Road, S.E., the winner of £250 in *Bullets* Competition No. 477, is a clerk in a City office. He is to be congratulated on an ingenious and happily phrased line: "Leaves Us Guessing—Goods Marked 'British Made.'" He states that he has found constructing *Bullets* a wonderful relaxation. It was whilst on holiday last summer that he first became a competitor, and he adds: "I have now jumped straight from a 2s. 6d. prize to a great prize," which is a highly substantial reward for a few minutes' concentration. He attributes his success in no small degree to a close observation of our hints to competitors appearing from time to time. Novelty and originality are of first importance. For instance, a careful consideration of the examples given on this page will at once show that they cover a wide field, and lend themselves to the construction of a large variety of *Bullets* on almost every conceivable topic. But competitors should avoid undue haste in filling up their coupons. It is obvious that what may occur to them on the spur of the moment as a clever effort may possibly occur to others. Therefore care and thought are needed in order to hit upon an idea which is out of the common rut, and this is the road that must lead to success.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 478.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. J. R. SUTHERLAND, 4, Allentank, Bridge of Allan.

Example:—OPEN SPACES
Bullet:—CLOSED, WOULDN'T FILL CHURCHES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. WALTER THOMAS, 62, Guild Road, Norwich.
Example:—LOUD SPEAKER
Bullet:—USELESS WITHOUT "OTHER EQUIPMENT."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. W. J. LESTER, 25, Green Road, Street, Kent.
Example:—LITTLE HELP
Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS.

10 Prizes of £25 each:

W. H. WILSON, 232, Cables Rd., Burton-on-Trent:
LOUD SPEAKER—SILENCE—ON ANTHEMIST DAY.
WILLIAM JOHNSON, 69, Vase Road, Brighton:
PRETTY PASS—HINDENBURG BACK ON PEDESTAL.
V. C. GORDON, Longley House, Rochester:
LONG WAY OFF—PRIVATE DETECTIVE HEARS KISS.
ERNEST C. COOPER, 34, Castle St., Farnham, Surrey:
THANKS—FORGOTTEN, WHEN PRAYERS ANSWERED.
STANLEY W. DOWDEN, 34, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2:
LONG WAY OFF—ADICATION OF "OIL KING."
Mrs. A. WOOD, 3, Fagwell Bay, Ramsgate, Kent:
BEST EASY—"BACE" DIDN'T MEAN ONCE.
G. A. WHEELER, 33, Palace Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E. 19:
WHEEL OF FORTUNE—"A WHISPER" OFTEN TURNS D. SMITH, 32, Cardigan Road, Huddersley, Leeds:
ODDS ON—RECAVATOR FOLLOWING ROAD-REPAIRER.
L. D. ROGERS, Burton Cottage, Gosford, Wrexham:
IN THE WRONG—APPEAL SELDON MAKES JUDGE.
E. M. MCCARTNEY, 2, West Avenue, Farnham, Stoke-on-Trent:
BRIGHT IDEA—CHARITY THAT GOES DIRECT.

10 Prizes of £25 each:

Mrs. S. A. WESTWAY, 47, Lyndhurst Rd., Bath, Som.
PLAYING THE FOOL—WITH FINANCE, PAID GER-MANY.
J. P. BAKER, 1, Neil St., Eastington Lane, Hutton-le-Hole, Co. Durham:
LONG WAY OFF—ARTICLE SHOPLIFTER ASKED FOR.
Mrs. A. E. COOPER, Chan Is House, Fyfe, nr. Bridgend, Glam.
WHIP ROUND—OFTEN WASTED ON TOMSTONES.
JOHN R. CLAYTON, School Lodge, Great Ayton, Yorks.
NO GENTLEMAN—WORKS—A POPULAR DELUSION.
T. D. R. JONES, 3, Shirley Road, Cardiff:
THE LINES—ELEVEN THIRTEEN UNCONVINCED JUVENIA.
ALBERT W. MASELL, 26, Woolwich Common, Woolwich, S.E. 13:
AFTER THE DOLL—AMERICA, FROM ENGLAND REGULARLY.
J. A. GREGORY, Latham Villa, Fenton Road, Shiloh, Shrop.
A LESSON—FOR STAG-GRUBS—VINE AGENTS.
ROBIN ROBINSON, 392, Albert Road, Blackpool:
QUICK MARCH—WIRE AFTON—NOT COR.
ALFRED G. PALMER, 2, The Bridge, Tansley, Somerset:
WHIP ROUND—"SHAKES" WHEN LEAST EXPECTED.
J. W. MANNING, 35, Broad Lane, South Kirby, Wakefield:
MAKES ME LAUGH—LABOUR SUPPORTING THE PERANCE BILL.
(Send in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

2nd PRIZE
£20
10 PRIZES
£5
25 PRIZES
100 PRIZES
10/
5/

Bullets 1st Prize
£250
2000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd PRIZE
£10
10 PRIZES
£2 10
500 PRIZES
2000 PRIZES
2/6
TARGET

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 480.

BUILDING TRADE
ON THE FARM
POOR SHARE
UP TO HIGHIEF
WHISPERED ABOARD
BEHIND OUR BACKS
NARROW PATH
ROUGH
MAKING TRACKS
TASTELESS
WAY THE WIND BLOWS
NEEDS REFORMING
ALL AT ONCE
COMING OFF
POWER OF GOOD
THE AWAKENING
PAVING THE WAY
WRONG AGAIN
THE NEXT STEP
NOISY FELLOW
SEX EQUALITY
FRIENDS AGAIN
WEAK SPOT
A VISION
FACTS AND FIGURES
COLOURED
LETTING CAT OUT
GLASS WAR
HER CHOICE
A TRUMP
WARNED OFF
INSIDE OUT

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSPAPER PRIZES.
Coupons for 25, 50 and 100 are sent out to be sold to the newspapers from which the winners of the Great "Bullet" Prize in Competition No. 480 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original coupon for £250 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 477, can now be seen in the window of Mr. S. Manning, 35, Broad Lane, London, E.C.4.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—My Misfortune. Bullet:—"GRAY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 480, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(480) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(480) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 1s.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(480) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(480) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 2s.

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 481.

THE SUGGESTION OF MONEY-SPENDING FASHIONS ON THE ROAD—LONDON DAY—LOVELY PERSON—SHARP TO SAY—ON OUR UNUSUAL—UNUSUAL KING—A FASHION—HIT'S DUTY—ONE GOVERNMENT—SUPPORTS HER NAME—GIVING CIVIL—HEALTHY STATE—ALONG—WHERE TO STOP—FIRST WEEK—LOVING COUPLE—SMILING.

These examples can be made use of in the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 12th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 481 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 481, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Each Coupon must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 480.

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 479 will be published in next week's "Companion Journal." Complete list of all cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance **ON TRIAL** to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is your own fault.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance on trial. If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the velvet soft Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the soft rubber automatic air-cushion of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS** always.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds* whose condition was identical with yours. Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

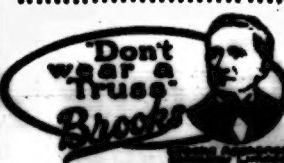
1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1763P) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.
Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name

Address



Please write plainly.